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WEEK ENDING JUNE 13 1925

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybo

BEGINNING
In This Issue

TWENTY YEARS A BIG LEAGUE UMPIRE

By
BILLY EVANS

Here's Variety

The great adventure of a change at breakfast—Fairy grains with the flavor of nutmeats!

TO please the family and delight yourself, *try varying* your breakfast menu. Change for a while from the old dishes of which your palate is tiring.

Quaker Puffed Rice is that *something different* you want. Fairy grains of selected rice, puffed to eight times their normal size, food that entices and allures. Those grains are crisp and toasty, gay and wonderful. The flavor is like nutmeats, only richer. *Children think they're confections;* you know they're rich grain food.

Just for the joy of it, get a package today. Alternate them with the dishes you've served too often. See what breakfast smiles they'll bring.

Also Puffed Wheat

Ideal as a night time, light supper enticement—the most delicious of all cereal breakfasts

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Four-Door Sedan
$820 f.o.b. Lansing Michigan
BODY BY HAYES-HUNT
Finish Dark Blue Lacquer

ANOTHER home on wheels—this is the purpose embodied in the Star Four-Door Sedan. Comfort, protection from the elements, yet with ample facilities for ventilation and broad sweep of refreshing breezes, is combined with year-round reliability, extra power and unusual economy. At its very low price and evident quality it is unsurpassed as a car for the average family.

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Prices f. o. b. Lansing, Mich. *Touring, $540;* *Coupster, $625:* *Coupe, $715;*
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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

RAGTIME AND JAZZ

Probably ragtime and jazz have a wider appeal than any music we have had in this country. Perhaps this is chiefly because they are rather barbaric and we are all barbarians under the skin. Music began with mere time beating for a primitive dance, and the rhythm of ragtime strikes deep into the primitive nature which existed ages before civilization or even human life.

But ragtime and jazz are interesting and significant not only because of their primitive appeal, but because they are American in their source. They belong to our people in a special way although they have become so popular elsewhere.

John Alden Carpenter, himself one of the most gifted and original of our American composers, has said that the future historian of music may date the beginning of American music with the work of Irving Berlin. At any rate, in ragtime and jazz we have a popular music which has sprung out of the life of our own people and is enjoyed and received as the older music has never been. Of course we have had popular music before—our patriotic hymns and many sentimental songs dear to our parents —but they were like the hymns and songs of the old world and contributed nothing novel, nothing which could be called specifically and peculiarly American.

It is said that ragtime and jazz do not express all of American life and quality. That is, of course, true, for the American music, of which they are an aspect, is just beginning. American music will inherit, as all previous national arts have inherited, a great deal from the past. As the American people is made up of many strains, American music will have many sources of inspiration. Ragtime and jazz do not and cannot express everything in us, but what they express is real, is our own, and they express it with the naivete which is the essential of all arts which move men. This new music is said to be strident, violent, undignified, lacking in repose, in depth of feeling. Much of our life is all that.

But what is important about ragtime and jazz is not what they are *not,* but what they *are.* American music will express more than ragtime or jazz pretends to, but it will come to its fullness of expression, as ragtime and jazz do, through sincerity and the direct inspiration of our own American life and character. It will not be afraid of being violent or strident or undignified or a violator of old forms and manners. Its sole test will be its own sense of musical effect, and it will be liked and understood by all the people—the lowbrow and even the highbrow when he allows himself to enjoy it—because it will come out of the life they live and vigorously express what manner of folk we are.

No art amounts to much unless virtually all of us are interested in it. That is the trouble with a good deal of the art that has been produced in America. It has had the interest of the few who practiced it and a small minority of the educated. The average man and woman have been indifferent to it. It has been a thing apart. But ragtime and jazz, springing from American life as they do, may be bringing to this art something which will give it a greater vitality and a wider appeal than any of the older music has had for us.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Ring Lardner and Sophie Kerr on Women

SOPHIE KERR

NO one knows better than Mr. Lardner that it's a rash man who would attempt a serious solution of the riddle of the ages! The famous humorist doesn't venture anything like that. He has just written, in his own inimitable vein, a joyous tale about a baseball player and what the Eternal Feminine did to him. *Women* is the name of it.

Sophie Kerr is a little more daring. In her whole life, she says, she has seen only seven really beautiful women. Most of the sex, she thinks, are greatly in need of other resources to fall back on. She tells about it in *When Beauty Backfires.*

Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, contributes a captivating article on a topic close to his heart—the favorite sport of ten million Americans. *More and Better Fishing* he calls it. Anger and malice, he observes, are discouraged by this business of angling, and faith and hope encouraged. And of course, he points out, you need charity when you listen to a fish story.

John V. A. Weaver, poet, and *Peggy Wood,* actress, appear in the roles of co-authors to answer the question *Is the First Year of Married Life the Hardest?* They've tried it, and think they know. Their problem, they found, was one of "temperament plus ego, divided by unselfishness," and their way of working it out will interest everyone who is, has been, or ever expects to be married.

Stephen Vincent Benet has an extraordinary short story in the coming issue, called *Cigarettes,* and there will be more, of course, of *Billy Evans's* absorbing reminiscences, *Twenty Years a Big League Umpire,* and *Margaret Turnbull's* exciting mystery serial, *Madame Judas.*

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Traveler, Beware! It's Harvest Time for the Seagoing Gambler

MR. BLECH, whose wealth is young, is not likely to resist the beautiful lady who tells him she is a Van Briber of the Van Bribers.

Working the Tubs

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Pictures by HAROLD VON SCHMIDT

THE summer rush to Europe is on. Every outbound passenger ship is heavy with touring Americans. The professional gambler is emulating the industrious ant.

Between gambler and gambler, they call it "working the tubs." Every steamship line hopes to protect its patrons by hiring detectives to watch for gamblers and stop them if possible. But they find it hard work. We are entirely too willing to play cards with charming strangers who, while they may be professional gamblers, are not necessarily dependent upon cheating to get your money.

In ninety-nine per cent of the cases their victims have only themselves to blame. Play and lose and you become what the professional gambler rightfully calls a sucker. He laughs at you, your friends laugh at you, and if you have the proper perspective you'll laugh at yourself.

The fact is that it is quite a question which is the greater nuisance—the professional gambler or the professional sucker. But read this and judge for yourself.

THEY got on the ship at Cherbourg. The younger, perhaps twenty-five years old, was a nice, clean-looking boy, but drunk when he came aboard, and, we subsequently came to know, a frightful nuisance. He was the sort of kid who everybody thinks would be better for a vigorous spanking. Nothing vicious about him: just a nuisance. Also he was obviously as rich as he was drunk, which is to say staggeringly.

His companion was about fifty. A most dignified man, well-groomed, well-fed, cultured, kind. He was, he let it be understood, a broker in New York and lived in a suite of rooms in the Plaza Hotel. He was, perhaps, the dearest friend of the youthful dipsomaniac's father—at least he said so—and had undertaken to see that the boy got home as little the worse for wear as possible.

"Too bad," mourned the older man when the younger appeared on the second day out as drunk as he was when he boarded the liner. "Really lamentable. They've done everything for him. Just a disease. He's had a rather unfortunate love affair, too. Another kind of a woman might have saved him. I cut short my own holiday to get him home. He'd have gone under completely if he had remained in France."

Naturally the whole ship was sorry for the lad and was pleased to find romantic excuses for his seemingly perpetual alcoholism. He was not to be restrained from the various steep bridge games, even by his self-appointed guardian, who otherwise had more control over him than one would expect.

Then, a day east of New York, we found the young man—still quite drunk—engaged in a strong-man craps game. Playing with him was a man we had come to know as the owner of

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"I'M NOT going to stand for this any longer," said Jones. "It's a rotten trick. The kid's too drunk to know what he's doing."

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a department store in the Middle West—a man of considerable wealth and, as we learned, gullibility. The other player was less easy of classification. There were whispers that he was a professional gambler whose playground was the ocean and whose table was the ship's deck.

We watched the merchant win and lose without much feeling about it one way or the other. But we grew indignant as the besotted youth threw good money after equally good. There was quite a ring of us around the three players. The merchant had five hundred dollars in the pot and asked that it be covered. The slender alcoholic "faded" him against the protests of the man we suspected of being a gambler. The latter wanted half of the bet. The merchant, with an unpleasant smile (we didn't like him at all), accepted the youth's challenge and promptly threw seven.

The merchant let the thousand dollars stay where it was in the center of the table. The young man posted five hundred and the suspected gambler put up the other five hundred. The merchant warmed the dice in a trembling hand. The broker who had cut short his holiday to see the little drunkard home was on the fringe of the circle mournfully shaking his head. We, too, were filling with resentment against these men who thus willfully sought the irresponsible's money.

"I'm not going to stand for this any longer," said Jones, of our party. "It's a rotten trick. The kid's too drunk to know what he's doing."

"Better not interfere," murmured a stranger. "I agree with you that it's a shame, but it doesn't do to interfere."

The merchant was throwing for an eight. He made it. The young drunk's hand came out of his pocket with a fresh wad of money.

"An'thing upta fi' thousand," he mouthed. "This is game to see who's got guts."

"No," growled Jones, half to himself. "I'm not going to see the kid taken like that. It may be none of my business, but——"

Jones turned to the dignified broker.

"If you're so much of a friend of his, why don't you rescue him? If you don't, I will."

The broker's eyes grew hard. There was a menace in his words.

"You may as well save your strength. I have known this young man too long not to realize that it would be useless to interfere. Please take my word for it that you will do yourself an injury to protest. Besides, his losing thousands is of no consequence."

But the murmuring against permitting the game to proceed further grew so noticeable that the man we suspected of being a professional gambler suggested to the merchant that they adjourn to his cabin.

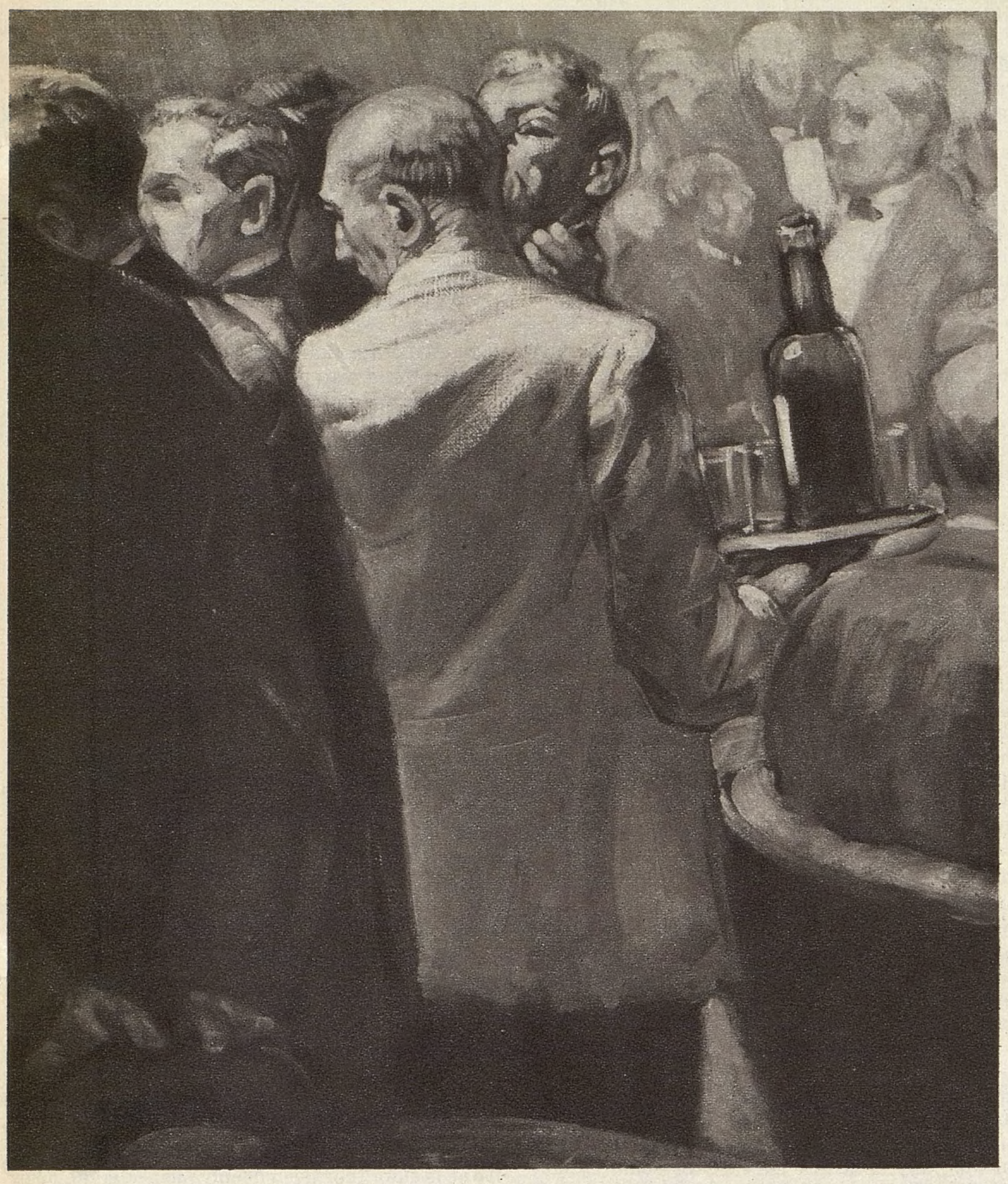
The liner was at Sandy Hook in the morning. Forward, gazing sorrowfully toward the city, was the merchant. His companion was a cotton manufacturer who had been one of the indignant circle the night before. It was not necessary to ask them what had happened in the cabin. The merchant had won five thousand dollars, and then, in ten rolls of the dice—five by the gambler and five by the boy we had felt so sorry for—he had lost it and ten thousand more. The cotton manufacturer had dropped thirty-five hundred.

Among others boarding the liner at quarantine was a stocky, pleasant individual whose most striking physical characteristics were his eyes. They were uncompromisingly blue and would have been humorous had it not been for the curious cold directness of them.

"My name is Mallen," he said. "The line retains me to save passengers, in so far as possible, from being annoyed or cheated by professional gamblers. Do you know the two men you were playing with last night?"

"Not except that one's name is Hollins and the other—the kid who was soused—Barker."

"The kid wasn't soused. He doesn't drink. Too hard on the nerves. He's got to have steady nerves. His name is McNally—Loop



McNally. He's from Chicago and he's one of the slickest come-ons in the gambling game. The other fellow's Huckstein, as crooked as the New York skyline. The dignified broker is Katz. Got a record that would make Satan hide his face. Will you make a complaint of conspiracy to defraud?"

The chances are that the merchant will not make the complaint. Various, perhaps obvious, are the reasons. He does not want to be called a welsher. He cannot afford the time such litigation will demand. He does not want to be held up before the public as a man who was willing enough to take a drunken man's money but who cries to heaven when he is frustrated. There are other reasons, perhaps plenty of them. Better charge the ten thousand off to recreation and remember it. And the same with the cotton manufacturer.

Edward F. Mallen has devoted twenty-five years of his life to studying gamblers, gambling, and the ways thereof. He and his operatives—a slick lot who look less like detectives than most—spend their days and many of their nights traveling back and forth, up and down, and not infrequently around the world in ocean liners doing their best to protect passengers from the evil represented by a thousand and one varieties of crooks and sharps. Personally, I should hate to be a detective, but if I had to be one I'd prefer to be a Mallenite.

They sail the seas on nearly all the principal steamship lines—White Star, Red Star, Cunard, United Transport, Royal Mail, and so forth. They track the nobility of crookdom from New York to Monte Carlo, to Port Said, to Algiers, to Calcutta, to Madrid, and Buenos Aires. They are on speaking terms with Count Raul Flack, the Honorable Percy of Plymouth, the Indiana Wonder, Madame de Schoenhauuk and her sister, Lady May; Billy Salvard, and Mike Ace, whose real name is Mitchell Case. They have to be, because all of these ladies and gentlemen are, save for a blot or so on their 'scutcheons, put there by the police of Europe and America, representatives of the best in crook society. All of them successful gamblers. Not a piker in the lot. Merciful Baccarat, how they hate a piker!

But, for all their cleverness, gambling on ocean liners is on the increase. There has never been so much of it as there is today. The professional gambler has never been so wily, so suave, so persuasive, so alluring. And his income has never been as large.

"Time was," says Mr. Mallen, "when the seagoing gambler was looked upon as a thing to be avoided. Working the tubs was a restricted profession, and we had, at our fingers' ends, the names of all the sharps.

"But today! Caution, discretion, and proper appreciation of money seem to have been relegated to the camphor chest along with other homely virtues of Victorian vintage. Today one is almost moved to pity for the poor gambler. He has so much business that he has to take vacations between seasons to regain mastery over his nerves, the steadiness of which is so imperative in his profession.

"Today twenty millionaires grow where, twenty years ago, one flourished. There is the erstwhile white-collar drudge who finds oil on land which heretofore has produced but a demand for taxes.

"WHY, I know a man who, two years ago, was evicted from a Williamsburg flat because he could not pay forty dollars a month and who today is living in a Westchester mansion surrounded by books he can't read and pictures he can't name.

"He has at least two million—at least that. Made it at bootlegging. He, his wife, and his daughter went noisily to Europe last year on one of the most expensive liners, and I am quite sure that he arrived in Cherbourg convinced that the steamship was antiquated because no gambler inveigled him into a patently crooked game en route. They got him coming back. He made them take him. He literally threw himself at the gambler's head, and what, may I ask, could a poor gambler do?

"They took thirty-three hundred dollars away from him so crudely that I wondered why they had wasted all the time that a blackjack could have obviated. They must have been excessively annoyed. But would the brand-new millionaire make a complaint? He would not. What, he asked, was thirty-three hundred? He was living the life. You can't protect people like that. They simply won't have it.

"Twenty years ago it was but necessary to warn a passenger list of the presence of one or more professional gamblers to cause the former to shun the latter as they would the leper colony at Molokai. Then the professional gambler was an artist at camouflage. He had artfully to insinuate himself into the poker game in the public cardroom. But today all the crook needs is a deck of cards—trained ones, of course—and a pair of amenable dice or a wheel that knows its master's choice. All that is necessary is to point him out and, figuratively speaking, of course, a dozen ready-made victims fight each other for a chance to throw him for a loss, a feat which they never, never do."

One of the commonest of errors is the assumption that the professional gambler is necessarily a crooked gambler. The truth is that to be successfully dishonest entails risks that nobody—not even a professional gambler—cares to assume unless it is quite necessary to the winning of your money. Skullduggery at the card table is not as easy as novelists and playwrights would have you believe.

The professional gambler follows his profession because he is an expert at bridge, poker, at cards generally. You will find more cheating at craps than at cards, and it stands to reason that the roulette wheel is amenable to crooked work. But the roulette wheel can be whirled honestly with the odds all against its patron, which removes the necessity of its owner to resort to cheating. Craps and bridge are most pregnant of crooked possibilities.

Anyone attempting to say how much money is lost and won in the maraudings of these sea-

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going gamblers is merely trying to be sensational. The Mallenites and their like have no idea what the figures may be because ninety-nine per cent of the victims refuse either to tell the truth or to prosecute if the truth escaped them.

One may not take to the profession of gambling without being duly codified and docketed. There are, in the Mallen offices, tall filing cabinets in which are hundreds of names and histories of the active gamblers of the day. For example:

"Goldkraut, Isidore, alias Gerald Courtleigh, alias Mr. Bombay, alias The Dinner Kid. A. (age) 44. B. (born) Russia. D. (description) 5 feet 10, 160 pounds, black eyes, medium swarthy, knife scar on right wrist and back of right hand. G. (games) preferably bridge. H. (home) Baltimore. R. (record) Arrests: 1900, Baltimore, larceny, no conviction; 1909, London, false pretenses, no conviction. Married twice. No record of first wife. Probable bigamist."

IT is noticeable when one reads at random the contents of one of the files that there is not so much legerdemain in the gambler's method of separating you from your money as there is artifice in his ways and means of attracting you to his game. Today the favorite game is straight bridge, which, as you doubtless know, is about as vulnerable to smart hocus-pocus as any game we humans play.

He will play any game you have a weakness for or with which he, in his forehand knowledge of your predelictions, thinks he can get your cash. Generally speaking, however, he does not enjoy the labor of tracking and elaborately trapping a single victim unless such personage has a very large amount of capturable money and a reputation for taking chances with it. Far better, thinks he, to play the spider and lurk for stray customers.

Such a game was Brant Clochman's, and, appropriately enough, his principal alias was The Spider. He was imposing of mien and impressive of manner. He wished it to be understood that he was an importer of woolens whose business made it necessary for him to cross and recross the ocean as many as twenty times a year. He had a woman partner who was unquestionably one of the world's greatest bridge players. She was not Mrs. Clochman, but we are not now considering sociological matters. Sufficient here that she was so called.

One may only hazard a guess at what The Spider's gains from trans-Atlantic bridge may have been. Perhaps one hundred thousand dollars. He was not a courageous person, as may be gathered from his dealings with a wealthy Chinese, from whom he took three thousand and four hundred dollars in an evening's bridge. His technique was imperfect on that occasion, because he was discovered at cheating, the precise nature of which is not agreed upon by the detectives.

There was no doubt, however, that he had cheated. The Chinese quit the game instantly, as did the other players, one of whom was a woman confederate of The Spider's, but not Mrs. Clochman. The detectives on the ship had ample evidence of cheating but made no complaint to the captain because the Chinese declined to join them.

At Quarantine Mr. Mallen boarded the liner and talked to the Chinese, who became suddenly communicative and confessed that his refusal to lodge a complaint was based solely upon his fear of physical harm from The Spider and his allies.

"Better," said he, "to lose the money than to lose likewise my life."

"Suppose you come with me," said Mr. Mallen. "I shall make an effort to prove to you that Clochman is not a person to be feared."

Together they called upon The Spider in his cabin, where the detective said:

"Mr. ——— says that you and your associated lice have threatened to kill him if he squeals. Now, there are just three of us in this cabin, and violence is about to be done unless you come across with three thousand and four hundred dollars."

The Spider came across.

Yes, Mr. Clochman lacked courage. He quit the liners for a season, but, as seafaring men will when off their element, he fell into trouble on land. He tried a little blackmail and is now lodged, as comfortably as may be, in an Indiana jail.

They masquerade as doctors, bankers, ranchmen, lumbermen, manufacturers, and even educators, these amiable crooks, although it is not exaggeration to say that the latter masquerade carries with it no deception. They use women as decoys, come-ons, cappers, *agents d'affaires*, *dupeurs*, or what you will.

"Seldom, if ever, is a woman a clever manipulator of cards," says Mr. Mallen. "She may be as tricky and as crooked as the man, but her hands are not large enough to chill a deck or slip cards out of a pack. But she will graciously lead the ox to the slaughter after charming him into a state of near-imbecility. She will even give up her seat to the victim.

"For example, there are two sisters who are valuable members of a Paris-New York syndicate of gamblers. Their game is simple. They spot their prey and gracefully stalk him. They will decoy him to the game where there are no vacant chairs. One of the ladies laments the fact that she may not play, and one of the players obligingly surrenders his seat.

"Her quarry watches her play with indifferent luck. She wins or loses very little. She is in quite a pet over the paltriness of her fortunes. She laments her futility at cards and playfully forces the fall-guy to take her place. Or she may do a like service for some hypnotized roulette wheel in an affable stranger's cabin."

WHILE there is more gambling today than ever, there is less in the public saloons and cabins aboard ship. The activity of the Mallenites is responsible for driving it to cover, and, in addition, there is freer action in semi-private. Furthermore, the socially ambitious *nouveau riche* are more kindly disposed toward the semi-private game.

Mr. Blech, whose wealth is so young as to be limited in articulation to a monotone braying, is not likely to resist the beautiful lady who tells him, after judicious hesitation and arch evasion, that she is a Van Briber of the Van Bribers. He is out to fly high and the moon's but a hop. He is impressed beyond reason when Mrs. Van Briber presents him to Mr. Pilaff, the Swiss banker (Maxey Julian), Mr. and Mrs. Prawn of the English Prawns (Harry McQuaide and Chicago Bessie Williams), and Baron Brie (Tony Consumo).

He is not invited to play bridge with them. Rather he is suffered to, and only after a while is the invitation murmured. He is, to quote Mr. Mallen, taken whole and thoroughly masticated. He has been looted with vast enthusiasm. He is certain of it, and the detectives are equally sure. But to prove it is quite another matter.

The seafaring gamblers usually travel in twos and fours. The Mallenites have them rather well spotted before the ship sails. A survey of the passenger list reveals their intentions of traveling, and they are accosted at the dock as they are about to mount the gangplank.

"Hello, folks," says the detective to a brace of the precious souls as they arrive at the dock. "What, may I inquire, is the lay this time?"

"Well, well, if it isn't Mr. McNally—old Bill McNally!"

"It is, indeed," agrees Mr. McNally, the detective. "I am not pleased to see you here."

"We hate to travel, as you know, Bill; but we have business on the other side, and——"

"Well, you'll do no business on the ship," says McNally, changing his tone. "We'll post you first and watch you afterward."

Whereupon McNally tells the purser that Ned Slant, Moe Schloss, Edna De Cristal, and Buffalo Bonnie are passengers, and the purser causes their names to be posted in bold letters on the bulletin board. Thus the passengers are informed that these suspicious persons are among them. This has the effect of putting many on guard, but, unhappily, says Mr. Mallen, there are those who are not at peace until the gamblers are pointed out to them, when they at once cultivate Ned, Moe, Edna, and Bonnie and pay for the privilege.

"What is the professional gambler's most profitable masquerade?" I asked Mr. Mallen.

"I regret to say that the most successful way for a gambler to hook a free-born, democratic citizen of the United States of America is to parade as a nobleman. An English nobleman, the horsier the better, is the sure lure. I blush to think how we splendid children of democracy fall for an English nobleman make-up. Any Flatbush Englishman seems to get away with it."

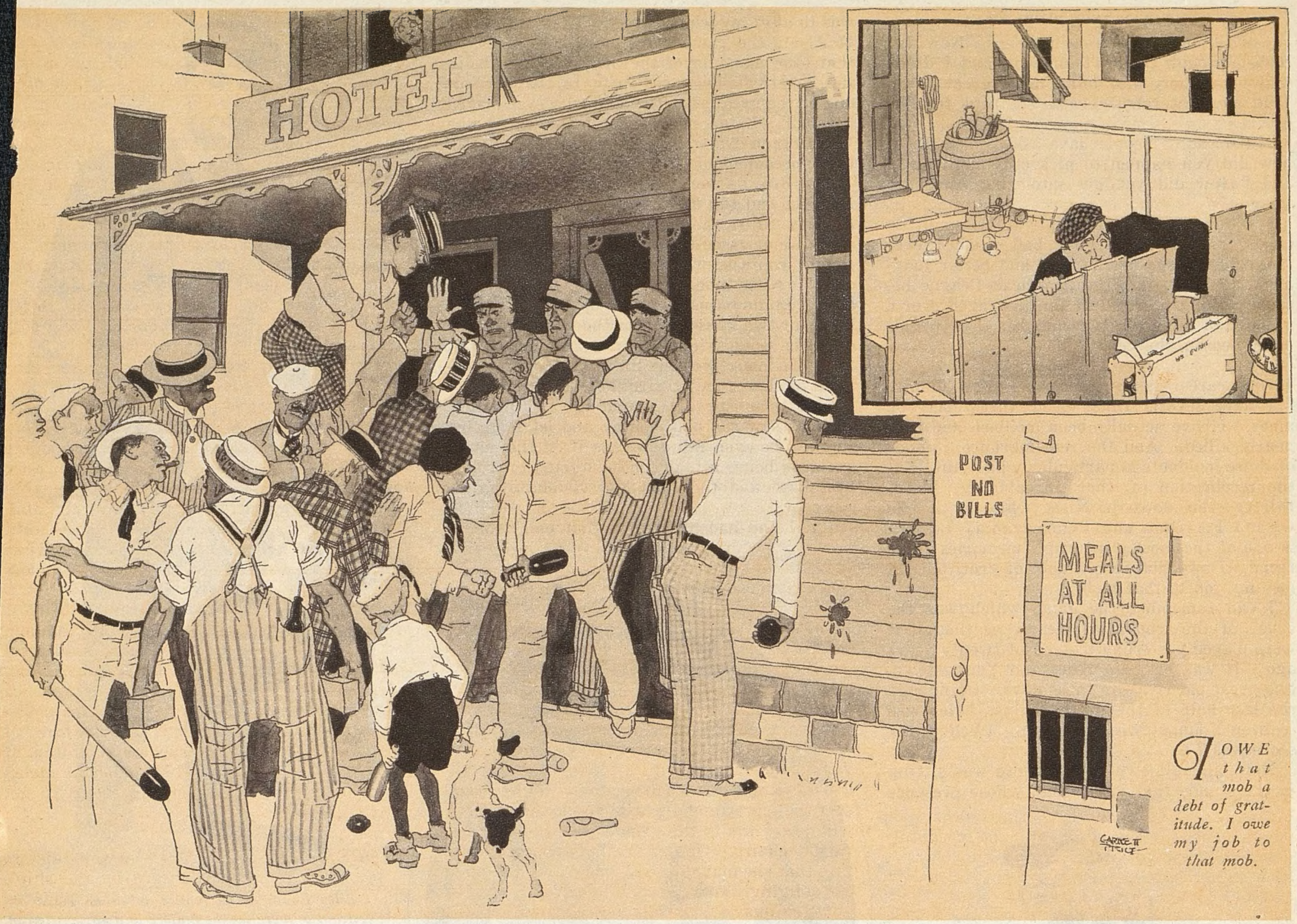
PROFESSIONAL gamblers who would like to ply their trade uphampered by the ship's officers have tried in ways as ingenious as numerous to win the favor of ships' captains. A captain who would accept money or other favor from a professional gambler for giving the latter the freedom of the seas would be several kinds of an idiot for a variety of reasons. If he is caught or even deeply suspected he loses his ship and may never find another.

Time was, though, when gambling flourished with greater abandon in the smoking saloon, and the steward of that part of the ship was pretty sure of an income greater than that of the captain. But such revenue has decreased because, Mr. Mallen says, the real gambling today is confined for the most part to the gambler's cabin or the cabin of the victim. There, in semi-privacy, the artful dodger's style is less cramped.

Gambling on the day's run is one of the more generally favored methods of mass gambling. However, there is so much publicity attached to this that crooked work is extremely difficult. If, for example, a professional gambler should try to bribe the chief engineer to see to it that the ship traveled precisely four hundred and seventeen miles in the ensuing twenty-four hours, thereby guaranteeing that the briber should guess right, the engineer will have to take into consideration the orders he gets from the bridge and, perhaps, disobey one or more of them.

The safest way (for the gambler) would be to bribe the captain. And that, as we have said, is difficult. Not that the captain is necessarily more honest than other people, because he is, after all, wholly human. But he is not more prone than you and I to court professional ruin.

THE END



TWENTY YEARS

A Big League Umpire

The Inside Story of One of the Most Famous Careers in Baseball

By BILLY EVANS

Who Has Umpired More Than 3,000 Games in the American League.

Picture by GARRETT PRICE

CHAPTER I.
I Join the Fence Climbers

LATE one day in the summer of 1905 the back door of a little hotel in Niles, Ohio, opened slowly and guardedly. A man's head appeared furtively in the doorway. It was plainly to be seen he was looking for something. It also was plain he was trying to make himself as inconspicuous as possible.

An observer, had there been one present, would have seen this person, after a brief survey of the landscape, step out into the yard, reconnoiter thoroughly, and then step back into the hotel. He would have seen him emerge presently, with a suitcase, and, without a further glance to either the left or the right, make tracks for the back fence.

Around in the front of the hotel a large sized, excited mob surged up and down the streets. Angry shouts and oaths were heard. There were murmurings and mutterings, threats, and angry cries that boded ill for the object of the crowd's wrath.

"Kill the big bum!" "Drag him out!" "String him up!" "Run him out of town!"

"Yes, that's it, run him out of town!" the crowd agreed. The mob milled around the hotel entrance, where ingress was being blocked temporarily by calmer heads. However, the cause of all this unpleasantness didn't need to be told to get out of town. He was getting out as fast as he could and bent on doing it unobserved. Six fences in all he had to scramble over, and then a level stretch and the interurban railroad station lay ahead.

That man was the writer of this article, establishing his first and only record in the high hurdles. Had there been the necessary officials present I doubt whether you would ever have heard of Brookins of Iowa and Kin-

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sey of Illinois—also great hurdlers. Now that mob, although it didn't know it, and I didn't know it either, was doing me a great favor. That mob literally *chased me into the big leagues!*

Hundreds of people have asked me, "Billy, how did you happen to pick out umpiring?" and "How did you get into the American League?"

I didn't "pick out umpiring"; umpiring picked me out. The first ball game I ever judged I did against my will and better judgment. I broke into the American League because an angry crowd of fans, enraged over a decision of mine which resulted in their team's being beaten, chased me there.

IN my career as an American League umpire I have several times been threatened by mobs. I have actually been mobbed, and once nearly killed. And the remembrance of none of those incidents is particularly pleasant. But the recollection of that threatening, bloodthirsty crew down in Niles, Ohio, in the old O. and P. (Ohio and Pennsylvania) League, is one of the most pleasurable memories I can recall. I owe that mob a debt of gratitude. I owe my job to that mob.

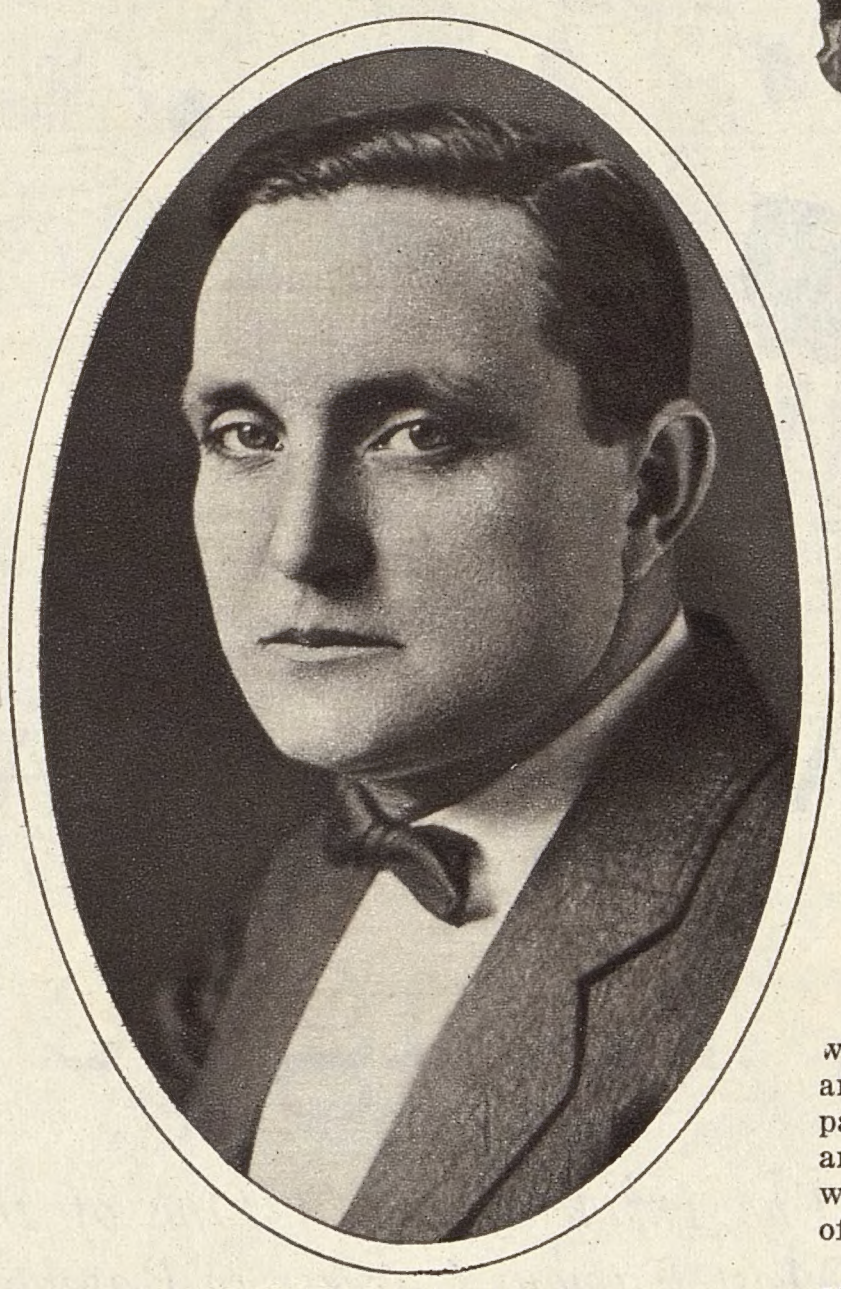
I can remember the game which was the cause of the trouble as clearly as though it were played yesterday instead of twenty years ago. It was between Niles and Youngstown, two great old rivals in those days. Going into the last half of the ninth inning, Niles was trailing Youngstown by one run. I believe the score was 7-6.

Now, all unknown to me, there was sitting in the stands that day a man whose presence was to alter my whole career. That was James McAleer, the famous "Jimmy" McAleer, at that time manager of the St. Louis Browns in the American League. Prior to that he was one of the greatest outfielders who ever played baseball. Later he became manager of the Washington American League team and, still later, president of the Boston Red Sox.

The Browns were playing at Cleveland, and McAleer had run down to Niles to get a line on Charley Starr, a player on the Youngstown club. That game was one of those close, hotly fought contests we umpires know as "tough ones." Niles made a great rally in the ninth and filled the bases with two out. A hit would bring in two runs and win the game. A base on balls would tie the score, and the batter, Billy Thomas, worked Stewart, the Youngstown pitcher, to a "two and three" count.

And then Stewart wound up and pitched. Thomas saw the ball coming and let it go by. In fact, he even fell down, as if in the act of avoiding being hit. Then he started to trot to first base and the fans had visions of a tie score.

But I had had my eye on that ball, too. It



Billy Evans as he looks toaay.

was a wide curve, and it took a lot of nerve to throw a curve in a pinch like that. It was a curve, but it had cut the corner of the plate. Upward I jerked my right thumb.

"Strike three!" I bellowed. And then things happened. The fans poured out of their seats and made straight for the plate, where I was standing.

They threatened me, they called me every name under the sun, they jostled me, pulled at my clothes, and probably would have mobbed me right then and there if it hadn't been for Charley Crowe, pitcher and manager of the Niles team. If anybody on that ball field had a right to protest my decision it was Charley Crowe. But, being fair minded and realizing my danger, he went to my side to help me.

Billy Evans as he looked when he made his debut as a big league umpire in a game between the New York Highlanders and the Boston Red Sox in New York City in 1906.

"I'm not kicking, Billy," he told me as he stood beside me and faced the throng of fans. "You called it as you saw it and I'm satisfied, and I'm going to see that you get safely back to your hotel."

And Charley did. He was popular in Niles and to that, I suppose, he and I both owe the fact that we escaped with whole skins. The other players also formed around us while we worked our way out of the park. We had to push and shove and squirm and struggle and all the while hostile hands were being laid on me, but, due to the presence of Crowe, I escaped violence.

I'LL never forget that walk back to the little hotel as long as I live. In reality it was only a few short blocks, but to me it seemed as long as a Marathon race.

The mob followed on my heels, jostling, threatening. And every once in a while one of the fans would grab my shirt and give it a yank, accompanying his action with a sneering oath.

And all the time I was marching straight toward the big league and I didn't know it!

All things, fortunately, have an end, and eventually I got to my hotel and into my room, Charley Crowe with me all the while. There I changed my clothes and washed, thinking the throng would scatter and permit me to catch my train to Youngstown, my home at that time. But there seemed to be no intention of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTEEN]

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Hughie Jennings of "Ee-yah!" fame in a characteristic attitude, coaching at third. Jennings was Billy Evans's baseball mentor at Cornell University.

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"Jimmy" McAleer, who was responsible for Evans's debut as an umpire in the American League.

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Taken many years ago, this photograph shows, left to right, the late Jack Sheridan, umpire; the late Frank Chance, then manager of the Chicago Cubs; Hugh Jennings, who then piloted the Detroit Tigers; Bill Coughlin, Tiger star; and Ty Cobb, one of the outstanding figures in baseball history, who was just getting started as a big league player.

© Paul Thompson

Ban Johnson, president of the American League, who launched Billy Evans on his career as a great umpire.

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TEN]

scattering. Instead, the mob became larger—and wilder.

"What are you going to do now?" asked Crowe.

"I'm going to take an interurban for Youngstown," I said. Getting to the station seemed the most important thing in my life. I didn't seem to be any too popular in Niles.

"I've got to get through," I told Crowe.

He thought a while and then he made the suggestion that probably saved my life, or at least a bunch of broken bones.

"You can slip out the back door," he told me, "and maybe you can avoid them. You'll have to climb a half dozen or so fences and cut across lots, but it's the only way to get there."

I got there safely enough and caught my train for Youngstown. And the next day, as I was walking down the street, who should come up behind me but Jimmy McAleer.

"That was a mighty fine ball game you umpired yesterday," he said, encouragingly.

"That's very nice of you, Mr. McAleer, but I guess you were the only one in the ball park who thought so."

"That's all right. You called it right. It was a strike—I could see it myself. But, best of all, you called the play as you saw it regardless of the circumstances. It wasn't easy to do what you did, but you stood up under fire and gave an honest decision and then stood by your guns. That's the stuff that big league umpires are made of. You keep umpiring games like that and you'll be in fast company some day."

It gave me a great thrill, those words of Jimmy McAleer, and I thanked him. But I didn't take them seriously. Nothing was farther from my thoughts at the time than the belief that some day I would be calling balls and strikes on such great pitchers as Rube Waddell, Cy Young, Jack Chesbro, Ed Walsh, and their like.

McAleer, it seems, wrote to Ban Johnson, president of the American League, and told him what he knew about me, and from then on, although I was unaware of it, I was watched carefully.

At the close of the season I got a letter from Mr. Johnson. It contained a contract.

When I was a boy I wanted, or thought I wanted, to be a lawyer. With that in mind I entered Cornell University in 1900, and it was there I met Hughie Jennings, then coaching the Cornell baseball team after a glorious career as a ball player. He later was manager of the Detroit American League club. Jennings won successive pennants in 1907 (his first year with Detroit), 1908, and 1909. I went out for baseball at Cornell and made my freshman team with Jennings as my tutor. It seems ironical almost that I, one of his pupils, was to be the first umpire to banish him from an American League baseball game.

Hughie was a great baseball coach—as great a coach as he was a manager. I remember distinctly his first comment on my own baseball ability, which at the time I thought was rather fair.

I am a pretty big fellow physically, and even in those days I was rather husky. I had played baseball ever since I was a little kid and by the time I entered Cornell I had developed into a pretty fair player. With my weight, which was around one hundred and seventy pounds, I could drive a ball as far as the next fellow. I thought I was quite a hitter—until Jennings told me a few things.

THE first time he saw me bat I knocked the ball out of the lot for a home run. I batted right handed and, oddly enough, I hit that ball over the right field fence. Although I didn't know it, I was pulling away from the plate and swinging late. That's how I had happened to send the ball to right field. I felt pretty proud of that hit, but my pride suffered a hard jolt at Jennings' caustic comment.

"Pretty rotten," he observed.

"Pretty rotten!" I gasped. "Didn't I knock it out of the lot?"

"Sure, and it was all luck. You bat with one foot in the water bucket. Any good pitcher can make you look foolish. Do it this way," and he illustrated his meaning.

The next time I went to bat I followed Jennings' instructions to the letter. I stood with the approved stance, waited for one to my liking, and then took a healthy cut at it. The ball went hopping slowly to the shortstop, who had the easiest kind of a play at first. I was disgusted.

But Jennings said, "Fine! That's the way to hit 'em."

And, in justice to Hughie, I admit I did improve greatly under his coaching. Perhaps I might have become a big leaguer myself if circumstances hadn't ruled otherwise.

But it wasn't to be. The serious illness of my father cut short my freshman term at Cornell. I went back to Youngstown and finished that semester at Kenyon College in Gambier, Ohio. Later I went back to Cornell, but only for a year, and then back to Youngstown I went, after my father's death, to a job as sports writer on the Youngstown *Vindicator*.

I was an ardent baseball fan and naturally relished the opportunity of being a baseball writer. I would have laughed at the suggestion of becoming an umpire. I had never umpired a ball game in my life, and thought I never would. But evidently it was in the cards, although my opportunity was created by sheer accident and I tried my best to get out of it.

The league I was covering at the time was called the Protective Association. It was the nucleus from which later was formed the O. and P. League. Youngstown, of course, was the home team for me, and on the eventful day toward the finish of the 1903 season on which I made my debut as an umpire Youngstown's opponent was the Homestead club.

I was sitting in the stand, score book in my hand, and all ready for the game to start. But the game didn't start. Minutes passed, a consultation was held at the home plate and heads were turned in my direction, although I was blithely unconscious of their significance. And then a delegation from the two teams—Marty Hogan, manager of Youngstown, and Howard Risher, manager, and Captain McCloskey of Homestead—approached me with a proposition that nearly blew me out of my seat.

The regular umpire hadn't shown up—had sent word he was sick and would be unable to officiate. There was no one around to take his place, and so they had decided on me as a substitute.

"Nothing doing," said I.

"We can't play without an umpire. Do it for us as a favor. We'll give you fifteen dol-

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lars. Otherwise the game is off and the fans will have to beat it."

Back of the plate I stepped, while from the stands came cries of mock encouragement from a few of my friends.

"Play ball!" I shouted, feeling as ridiculous as it was possible for any mortal to feel. And so the game was on, and the first step had been taken along the long path that led to the big leagues.

Of course, that game had to be a tough one. It went fourteen innings and was filled with "close" ones, but somehow I got through all right. In fact, my performance was satisfactory enough to the two teams to win for me the request to do the same thing the following day.

The following year found me a regular umpire in the Protective Association. After that season back again to sports writing. And the next year, 1905, the O. and P. League had been formed and I was umpiring in it.

How the umpires came and went in that organization! There were about thirty of us that first season. Some lasted a week, others less. At times I became so disgusted with the umpiring job that I was on the verge of quitting myself. In fact, if it hadn't been for that memorable game in Niles I feel sure that my career as an umpire would have ended with the close of the 1905 season, for I expected to receive an offer during the fall for more money than I had ever seen before in newspaper work.

AFTER being virtually run out of Niles, my intention to quit was all the stronger. I had no idea that anything would come of Jimmy McAleer's words, "You'll get to the big leagues yet." I merely put it down as his way of saying something nice to a fellow who was having a tough time of it, and I let it go at that. It seemed ridiculous that anyone could see in me, a rank busher, a potential big league umpire.

To strengthen my resolve to quit the game forever, I received the offer to which I have referred. It was from a newspaper in Pittsburgh to join its staff as sports editor at the then princely salary of fifty dollars a week. I showed the letter to my mother, proud as could be, and told her of my intention to quit umpiring for good and accept it. About two days after I had received the letter, and while I was still considering the advisability of moving to Pittsburgh, I had another talk with mother. I wanted her advice.

Did she think it would be a wise move? She did.

"Then," I announced, "I think I'll wire my acceptance tonight."

But I never did. Before the day was over I received a special delivery letter. I opened it —and almost keeled over. There, in cold black and white, was a letter from B. B. (Ban) Johnson, president of the American League. Would I consider a chance to umpire in the American League the following year?

Would I? Would I umpire in the American League? Forgotten was the alluring job in Pittsburgh; forgotten were my vows to quit the game. The big chance had come, and in my haste to grab it before it got away—before Mr. Johnson could change his mind—I hot-footed it for the telegraph office at a pace that would have left even the great Paavo Nurmi, wonder runner of all time, behind!

I was just a kid of twenty-one, and a pretty cocky one, I guess, now that I look back on it. I certainly was proud of that offer and overlooked no opportunity of acquainting the world with the fact that Ban Johnson had picked me out to be one of his umpires.

Fall turned to winter and winter to spring, and I began to keep daily vigil for the postman, expecting a letter from Mr. Johnson in Chicago giving me my assignment at the opening of the baseball season. Gosh, what a long winter that was!

I camped every morning at the little post box in front of our home. The middle of April was drawing near and still no letter from Mr. Johnson. Fears and misgivings began to invade my thoughts.

Now, the baseball season opened on Tuesday, and on the Saturday morning preceding I made a decision.

"If there's no mail today," I said to myself, "I'm going to hop the train for Chicago tonight and see Mr. Johnson."

There was no mail in the morning, and I bought myself a railroad ticket. I had burned my bridges behind me, all right, and I was going to find out whether Billy Evans was to be an American League umpire or whether he wasn't.

Finally I landed in Chicago. It was Sunday morning, and I hurried to the American League office in the Fisher Building. And once again I want to bring out the point I have been trying to make all along: that the Fates were with me. The probability is that not once a year does Mr. Johnson spend Sunday, or any part of it, at his office. Of course, I didn't know that, but went blundering ahead like the ignorant busher I was. I got in the elevator and got off in front of a door marked "American League Headquarters." I knocked.

I heard someone get up and come to the door. Then it swung open, and I was face to face with my future boss. Now, for all I know, he may have thought I was some salesman trying to storm his office. My knees felt a little weak as I realized, for the first time, the absurdity of my predicament.

"Yes?" was his query as he held open the door.

"Is this Mr. Johnson?" I asked.

"I'm Mr. Johnson, all right. Come in and sit down while I clean up this work."

I did as I was told, gladly enough. I felt embarrassed. I didn't know how to begin—began almost to wish I were back again in Youngstown.

Johnson finally turned to me, and I still remember how tremendously forceful he looked with that square jaw of his and those sharp, steady eyes.

"Well, what can I do for you?" he asked.

"Why, I'm Billy Evans of Youngstown—your new umpire."

JUST like that, as if that were one of the big things in the life of this man. Billy Evans, his new umpire, with his two new traveling bags sitting on the floor beside him but with no breakfast under his belt!

"You see, Mr. Johnson," I went on, "I've been waiting for a letter from you giving me my assignment, and, as none came, I thought it best to run up here and see if anything had gone wrong—to see if I've got a job or not."

Well, sir, that tickled him. He just threw back his head and chuckled. Here was a new one on him. A hick umpire, fresh from the sticks, worried about his job and crashing in his office on Sunday to see whether he, Ban Johnson, had forgotten or had changed his mind!

But his answer was reassuring. "Why, Mr. Evans, I sent you a letter the other day. It should have reached you by Saturday at the latest. You're to open in New York on Tuesday. Do you happen, by the way, to need any advance money?"

This last with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"No, thanks," I stammered. "I've got plenty," which was not true, as a man doesn't save much on a twenty-dollar-a-week sporting editor's salary.

"What train do you intend to take for New York?" Mr. Johnson continued.

"Why, I don't know. Most any one that will get me there in time will suit me."

"Well, you're in luck, then. Jack Sheridan, who is to open in New York, is taking a train this afternoon. I don't doubt that Mr. Sheridan can give you some mighty helpful advice."

"And where can I reach Mr. Sheridan?" That arrangement certainly suited me. Then he told me the name of Sheridan's hotel.

"Now, then," he concluded, "good-by and good luck. Remember at all times to run your own ball game. Be the boss; keep those players in line and you won't have much trouble."

Again I had played in luck. Again the kindly Fate that seemed to be guiding me along was seeing that I got "the breaks." For if I had stayed in Youngstown until the letter from Ban Johnson arrived I would have gone to New York alone. As it was, I was to be accompanied by Jack Sheridan, and that ride was to be a memorable one.

JACK SHERIDAN was the greatest umpire baseball has ever known. He is dead now, but his memory will always live with me. Whatever success I may have attained as a major league umpire has been due to the interest Sheridan took in me as a "cub." Sheridan started me right. From the start I have been an imitator, more or less, of Jack Sheridan.

Here are a few of the things that Sheridan told me on that trip from Chicago to New York. They were the thoughts of a master umpire, told in simple language.

"Don't go on the ball field with a chip on your shoulder. You'll find plenty of trouble without looking for it.

"Never seek to alibi a decision at the expense of a player. No umpire likes to be shown up by the ball player. Likewise, no umpire, just because he is clothed with authority, should hold a player up to ridicule without provocation.

"Never lose sight of the ball. If you always know who has it, you are not going to lose many plays.

"An umpire must maintain strict discipline, but it is never wise to do it in such a way as to create the impression that you are a slave driver and all others must dance to the crack of your whip.

"Be 'on top' of every play. The public will excuse many a mistake if it is evident the umpire is making every effort to get the play correct by closely following the ball and runner.

"Use common sense in running a ball game. See and hear the things you should see and hear, but pass up the things it is wise not to see or hear. Players say things in the heat of battle which it is often well to overlook. Make up your mind that everything is going to be all right. The attitude of the umpire is usually reflected in the player."

He told me scores more. However, of all the wisdom he handed me, no one thing was quite so important as the six words:

"Keep your eye on the ball."

In the second installment of this interesting story of the baseball diamond, to appear in next week's issue, the veteran arbiter will tell of his first appearance in a big league game, his fears and apprehensions, an altercation with the most pugnacious player in the league—altogether a thrilling debut—and various other incidents.

Atta Girl!

A Story of a Switchboard Diana Who Went Sleuthing After a Voice

Pictures by
DOUGLAS DUER

THE alarm come in about 10:15. "Six-eight-five comes on a short!" I hollers to the supervisor.

By KATE HORTON

AS I says to Steve McMahon the day before we had our bustup, "Steve," I says, "working in this here Semloh Burglary Alarm Company in the greatest metropolis in the world —for thieves," I says, "is equal to reading any of them whoop-'em-up detective stories any day," I says. "You, as wire chief," I says, "and me as crack operator, we see all the underground workings of this here city o' crime," I says, "plainer than the police department."

"You've said it," says Steve.

"We're living constantly," I says, "on a hotbed o' crime."

"Right again," says Steve. "We'd be roastin'," he says, "if it wasn't for the vig'lance of Sarah Malone (that's me, and Steve's some kidder) and the supeer-ority o' the system," he says.

"You've said it," I says.

Maybe you've seen our red tin lizzies scootin' around town like they might be the fire chief's wagon. No? Well, keep your eyes peeled after this and you might, provided they didn't hit you from behind. When a alarm comes in on the boards of us operators, they's a needle in a glass case that goes over to one side and sticks. See? That's a sign something on the sub's premises is coming loose—sub is short for subscriber—a door or a window, maybe.

Well, when a alarm comes in, us operators call out, and that's when the tin lizzie gets on the job and scoots—taking a guard, or maybe two, to cop the crook, or whatever it is. Get me?

Maybe if Steve and me hadn't 'a' had our bustup, the mystery of a lot o' robberies we was having wouldn't 'a' been cleared up yet. I don't rightly remember what started it—the bustup. It began to get on my nerves, I guess, because Steve's hours was different from mine. The wire chief goes off at eight o'clock, when most o' the wire trouble is fixed up, but I work the evening trick from five to eleven. Steve could go off and maybe take any girl to the pictures, but I had to stay on every night but my night off.

And then they is some things no self-respecting girl will stand for. One of 'em is waiting a coupla hours for somebody to show up to keep an engagement. It was my night off and we was to meet at the Napoli—only Steve said it was the Coliseum. Well, anyway, I waited like a dumbbell, while Steve was waiting at the Coliseum—or said he was. To make it worse, he tried to let on like it was a joke.

"Well, look who's here and not even sunburnt," he says when he walks up at last.

"No," I says, "but well advertised to the whole of Broadway for a nut. Maybe they think," I says, "that I'm a country bird and paralyzed by the lights," I says.

"Well," says Steve, "if you had been listening to me instead of looking after that Handsome Henery o' the guards when we made the date at the office the other night you might not 'a' had so long to wait. You might," he says, real sarcastic, "'a' went to the right theayter."

Well, that was the start. After the picture we went out to the Bronx in the subway without saying a word. I thought when the time come to say good night it would all be fixed up and I'd forgive Steve like I always do. If he hadn't 'a' thrown that in about "Handsome Henery," whoever *he* might be, I would 'a' made it up while we was still in the theayter.

But after we got off the train Steve didn't say nothing neither. He just took hold o' my arm when we crossed the crossings, polite and decent, like he had just met me, maybe, and then dropped me like a hot cake when we got to the other side. It sure was embarrassing. I began to feel like I didn't know Steve at all—and me promised to marry him! It seemed like all of a sudden we was walking in a ice house, two frozen stiffs, numb from the scalp down.

Then, just when I begun to break through and thaw out, for the reason that we was just a coupla doors from my house, and was thinkin' of something polite and pacifyin' to say, Steve breaks out like he was getting rid of something that was laying heavy on his chest.

"It ain't only your lookin' after him," he says. "I could stand that, not being a handsome man myself; but it's the line of soft stuff he was handing you, and you lappin' it up, over the wire, the other day."

"And who, Mr. McMahon, and what," says I, "are you referring to?"

"Oh, don't come that with me," he says. "I mean that Hen Bradshaw, the handsome guard with the slick hair that thinks he's some inspector."

You see, we has guards that go out on alarms and inspectors that are under the wire chief and fix up all instrument and wire trouble, but some o' the guards is pretty good 'lectricians and are sent out when they is a lot of inspectors' jobs.

"I don't remember no telephone conversation with a guard," I says.

"Oh, you don't," says Steve. "Well, I do. He was sent out to fix a wire job at seven-thirty-one, which you'll admit," says Steve, "is on your board. I was givin' a order to the operator on six case and the wires was crossed, so I got in on the hello-sweetness-Oh-you-naughty-man! stuff," says Steve.

Us operators talk to inspectors out on sub's premises and connect 'em up with the wire chief when they call in, but I hadn't no recollection o' this here personal conversation with one like Steve was making out. It looked to me like Steve was just eggin' me on to a bustup.

"Oh," I says, feeling all the time like one o'

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them circus boa constrictors was 'round my neck. "I think I understand," I says.

"I'm glad you do," says Steve, "for I'm not a bird to be made a monkey out of by any girl."

"No?" I says. "You can't blame that on me."

"And as for Hank Bradshaw," says Steve, "I don't want to give no man a dog's name and hang him, but if I was a girl I'd go in for more'n greased hair, it seems to me."

"Oh, you would," I says, not thinking of nothing better to say, for the reason that I was twisting off my ring, for I could see it was all over between Steve and I.

"I don't want to throw any bouquets at myself," says Steve, "but I got something on my mind besides hair, and if a girl don't like me like I am—why, there is others."

"You've said it," I says, and I holds out my ring. We was standing in front of my door now.

"You mean it?" says Steve, looking at the ring like it was something that was going to bite him.

"I'll say I do," I says. "No bird," I says, "can say I'm hanging onto him when he wants to go."

"Oh," says Steve.

"Here," I says, and I stuffs the ring into his hand. "Maybe the next girl will wear it longer," I says, and with that I run up the steps and tore open the door. I crept up the stairs and got in the flat without ever waking sister Nora up.

Well, maybe you know how I felt—and maybe you don't. I wouldn't wish it on nobody to feel like I did for the next few days. Honest, all I wanted to do was to lay in bed and forget that I was alive—if I could. It was like coming up from drowning to get down to the office in the evenings.

"Show some pride," says Nora to me. "Use a little rooge so you won't look so white."

"I got as much pride as anybody," I says, "but I need it all down to work," I says. "Let me look like I feel here to home, where nobody sees me but you," I says.

But time cures everything, they say, and I guess it does, 'cause you can't live forever, o' course. Anyhow, they was times in a week or so when the ache inside let up some and I could walk straight without feeling that there was a hundred-pound weight hangin' from my chest. Every time a inspector signaled in and I picked him up on my board I wondered if it was that Bradshaw bird, maybe, although he was a guard and didn't go on inspectors' jobs often.

They was about six inspectors' voices that I was familiar with, but I didn't know which belonged to which on account o' never having met any o' the men.

THEN, one day, I caught Miss Donahue, a fresh operator on case six, talkin' over the wire with a inspector in a way she hadn't ought and would 'a' got her in bad if the supervisor had been around to hear.

"Quit your kidding," she says—over the wire to the inspector. And then, "Where was you last night?" she says. "All right," she says, "the same place."

She seen me looking at her, for I was thinking of what Steve had said, and maybe it was her he had heard and thought it was me, seeing as how he had been jacked in at the time on six case.

"If you'd feel any better to know," she says, "I was making a date with Mr. Bradshaw," she says.

"Oh," I says, "Handsome Henery o' the guards—the one that doubles as a inspector?"

I was thinking of Steve and how maybe he hadn't tried to put anything over on me after all. But I didn't see how I could make it up with him when things had went as far as they had. He never looked my way when he come outta his office. It seemed like every day that passed was just making the break between us wider.

Well, things dragged along, like they do no matter what a standstill you might be at inside, and then the whole office was tore up about a succession of fur robberies. At first they didn't look like no more than attempts, but each time the sub claimed a greater loss than we could account for. The first one was on six case, which is mine as well as seven, when the day operator goes off at seven-thirty. It was No. 685. The sub had his store, basement and first floor, all protected. It was a retail and wholesale fur house.

Well, the alarm come in about 10:15. No. 685's needle was glued to the side like it would need a screw driver to pry it loose.

"Six-eight-five comes on a short!" I hollers to the supervisor.

Well, she passes it up to the dispatcher's desk and the boss hollers, "Keys, six-eight-five!" and the guards rustle outta the guard-room and down the stairs and pretty soon we hear the Semloh lizzie coughing it up and going down the street like it was the police patrol. They made the run in three minutes and a half, and later I heard the guards telling the whole story to the boss.

"Well, what did you find?" says the boss.

"We got the sub on the phone, but he said he had a toothache and couldn't come down. The front window has a hole in it like they was professional ice cutters," says one o' the guards. "All they got was one fur piece, though, from the window display. They beat it when they heard us coming."

II.

THE next morning, it seems, the sub, six hundred and eighty-five, come in and hollers that a lot of his stock is missing. He said it wasn't alone the fur piece in the show window that was took, but a good dozen scarves and a coupla mink coats that was in his workshop out in back. I heard the boss talking to Steve McMahon about it the next night.

"You can't trust them there subscribers a foot," he says. "Give 'em a excuse and they'll take a ell," he says.

"Why didn't he come down that very night and see what was missing?" says Steve.

"Why didn't he?" says Jones. "A toothache, that's what he says he had; a toothache!"

"Well, I've had 'em myself," says Steve.

I was standing at the dispatcher's desk trying to get up nerve enough to look Steve in the face if he should look my way, so I didn't hear nothing more that was said. Only at the last, when Steve was going, Mr. Jones said, "Going home, Steve?" says he.

"No," says Steve, "I gotta date. Going to see that there storm picture that's gettin' such advertising at the Napoli."

It seemed like I'd have to go and set down somewhere, I was that sick feeling all of a sudden. It wasn't a week yet that him and me had been planning to see that very picture. "Little he cares about you, Sarah Malone," I says to myself, I says.

It wasn't but two nights later that there was another robbery, a fur one, and just like the first. It was in a store floor with a plate glass show window like the other. The crooks had tried the same game—a nice, neat cut outta the show window. This time, though, they had to beat it before they could grab a thing. But would you believe it! The sub come down right away and went over the place with the guards and claimed that five thousand dollars' worth o' stock had been lifted from one of the back rooms.

"Say," says Mr. Jones to the wire chief again the next night, "it looks to me like the fur dealers are in cahoots on this thing. Maybe they're hiring somebody to come around and cut a chunk outta their show windows, so they can put in a claim for stolen goods to the insurance companies."

"Something rotten in Denmark," says Steve.

Well, a few days after these two robberies I was moonin' along about twelve o'clock noon on my way to a market in the Bronx where Nora and I get our fruit and vegetables when I heard a coupla men talking behind a billboard that kinda fences off a vacant lot.

They was something about one o' them men's voices that struck me as familiar, and the tone of it went running through my mind, along with the mush I was spinning about me and Steve.

ON my way back I passed that same empty lot, so as I could hear the voice again, maybe, and locate it. It gets on my nerves to have a thing bothering me like that. Well, just when I got there, a man ducked under the billboard and comes out ahead o' me on the sidewalk. He was loaded with furs—foxes and squirrel and mink and beaver, draped all over him. Some of 'em scarves and some just the skins, like the foxes. He was a short, hammer-down little bird with kinda bandy legs and a twist in his neck. I let him walk on ahead o' me.

"Well, it couldn't 'a' been *his* voice I remembered," I says to myself.

At the end of the stretch o' billboard I ducks and peeks back into the empty lot. They was an old garage back there with a couple o' windows on the side all boarded up. While I was looking they was a man opening the door and going in. It looked all dark inside, but he shut the door after him.

"A nice little home for someone," I says to myself, following along behind the bird with the bandy legs and the furs.

Pretty soon he turns into a tailor shop and I goes on.

"Who was that man whose voice I heard?" I asks myself. "What do they keep back there in that garage?" I says. "And what's all this furs?"

Not that it's against the law to own furs, or yet to peddle 'em, that I know of. But there was something about it, I can't just explain, that didn't look right to me.

Every day after that I did the marketing. And every day about noon I'd pass that billboard and the old garage behind it. And almost every day I passed the little bird with the furs just coming out from under, and once or twice I seen the other man, like I had before, going back into the garage.

Well, the next week there was two more robberies. Maybe I don't have to tell you that they was both fur robberies. And one of 'em was the same place that had been robbed the week before! Maybe the sub wasn't sore! He come down himself this time. He was the one that had had the toothache before.

"And whattayuh think he claims this time?" the boss says to Steve McMahon the next day when they was talkin' it over.

"That he had lumbago and couldn't come," says Steve.

"No, he come all right this time," says

Jones, " but he says there's about ten thousand dollars' worth o' furs missing from his back room, like the other time, but worse," says Jones.

I was standing by the dispatcher's desk and I wanted to go up and tell them about the garage out near me in the Bronx and the furs and the bandy-legged bird and the other one and all, but somehow I didn't have the nerve.

" Let 'em figure it out as best they can," I says to myself, " without no help from me; and what does it matter, or anything else, as long as things is as they are between Steve and I? "

Well, the next evening they was so much line and instrument trouble, on account of a big rain, that the subs was phoning in in droves hollering because they had to wait so long for our men to come and fix 'em up. A inspector that had been on a job all day on my board begun to signal in. Well, I jacks in and says " Hello " in a hurry, too, for I was some busy.

" Hello! " says the inspector. " Tell me if it's O. K., will you? "

That means if the needle sticks up right in the case.

Well, I set there with my tongue glued to the roof o' my mouth. The voice I heard over the wire was the voice I had heard out there in the Bronx behind the billboard fence with the bandy-legged bird! *And it was a inspector's!*

" Hello, hello! " hollers the inspector. " Can't you hear me? Tell me if she's O. K."

" All right," I says in kinda a whisper, like I had a fishbone in my throat. " O. K.," I says, and my voice ain't no stronger.

" Closing it up," he says, and gets off the line.

" What's matter; you feelin' dopey? " says Miss Donahue at case six, and she leans over and starts 'tending my board for me.

I never answers her, but just looks at her like I'm wondering where I am and what she is maybe.

" Get wise to yourself," she says. " You ain't hidin' no homebrew around you, are you? " she says.

" I'll be all right in a minute," I says. " But don't think o' attendin' your own board as long as mine needs attention," I says.

Well, I bucked up, but kept thinkin' o' that inspector's voice and what it might mean at all. It wouldn't be the first time that crooks had been caught in the employ o' the company. While I was eatin' my sandwich in the rest room I kept wondering how I could find out which inspector that was, now that I knew his voice, and whether I should tell Mr. Jones, or maybe Steve McMahon, about it. Steve would be sore, all right, to have me come out with anything against any of his inspectors. He had told me often he knew every man under him.

" All they got was one fur piece. They beat it when they heard us coming."

WELL, maybe he did, but I felt it was due to the company to know about that garage full o' furs and one of its inspectors meeting a bandy-legged bird out there every morning as regular as church, 'cause I knew my ears hadn't deceived me none and them two voices was the same.

Then I begun to think how maybe that inspector could 'a' put all these fur robberies over, and it looked to me like there must be a guard in on it, too. For only a guard is trusted with keys to a sub's premises. If a sub goes home before his trouble is fixed a guard is sent out with the keys to keep the inspector company. They look up a guard more carefully than inspectors, and even then they has to be a year or two in the business before the company allows 'em to go out alone with keys. So, say they was two of 'em in on it, they probably had duplicate keys made for every fur place they happened to be out on.

But then I remembered as how all these here fur robberies had been done by crooks who had cut a hole in the front show windows.

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That was queer. I should 'a' thought a inspector, on the inside, as it was, could 'a' thought up something better'n that. It didn't look like his experience with the company was doing him no good as a crook—cuttin' holes in plate glass and springing the alarm so quick they couldn't get away with nothing more'n they could grab and run.

And then all of a sudden a idea come to me. "Hadn't all them there subs," I says to myself, "claimed that they had lost more'n what was grabbed out the show window? Wasn't all them shops on the ground floor—with a back entrance, maybe? Hadn't all of them said that the real swag had been took out of a back room?

"What could prevent this slick inspector," I says to myself, "once he has the duplicate keys, opening up the back door while a confederate cuts a chunk outta the show window. We would get only the one alarm for both breaks," I says. "When the guards would come and see the broke window, maybe, and dodge down the street lookin' for the crook, while the inspector, or crook, or—well whatever you wanta call him—was locking the back door all safe again and making off with a armful of valuable furs he had located in the back room while there on a inspector's job a day or two before, maybe?"

I WANTED to rush right out and tell Mr. Jones how I had doped it out, but somehow I didn't. I kept thinking of Steve—and his men. And then, of course, I wasn't *sure*—only almost.

But that night Steve come outta his office and walked over to the boss's desk putting on his coat and not seein' me no more'n if I was one o' the other operators. After all, he never cared for me anyway, I thinks, and my duty is to the company and not to him. So I kinda edges over to the boss's desk but don't say nothing.

"Well, Steve," says Mr. Jones, "let's hope the run on the fur places is over. I suppose it'll be the banks and vaults next week."

"I suppose the subs is still howling," says Steve, "that their entire stock was took through a sixteen-inch square in their front window in two minutes and a half," he says.

"Well, there ain't none of 'em'll admit," says Mr. Jones, "that all they lost was what was took out of the window. And how'd you like that there storm picture you was talking about the other night?" he says.

"Great!" says Steve. "Some fine picture! I don't know when," he says, "I spent such a enjoyable evening," he says.

Well, something seemed to kinda freeze up inside me, and then I felt hot and mad all over.

"By the way," I says, "Mr. Jones," and I steps up quicklike, "I been thinking over these here fur robberies and I think maybe I got something doped out on 'em," I says.

"Atta girl!" says Mr. Jones. "I don't know why I hadn't 'a' thought o' coming to you before, Miss Malone," he says.

"Quit your kidding," I says, "Mr. Jones. I mean it."

"All right, Miss Malone, I guess you're due a hearing," he says. "What do you say, Steve?"

"Sure," says Steve, like he was settin' in on a poker game and one o' the gang had asked him had he come in yet—hearty but kinda sore.

"Well," I says, "I think I've found out who the crook is that's getting away with all these fur robberies."

"What!" says Jones, rising up like a pin had stuck him.

"A Semloh company inspector," I says.

"What?" says Steve. "I don't believe it! Which one?"

"I can't say which one," I says. "I don't know his name."

"What does he look like?" says Steve.

"How did you find this out?" says Jones.

THEY backs in and we follows, me and Steve. Steve was staring at that guy like he had seen his mother's ghost.

"I don't know what he looks like," I says. "I never seen him."

"You never seen him!" says Steve.

"Say, Miss Malone, do you know this is a serious charge you're making?" says Mr. Jones. "Either you know or you don't know."

"I don't say I know for certain sure," I says; "but I'm almost sure."

Well, then I told them about passing the billboard out in the Bronx and meeting the bandy-legged man with the furs, after I had recognized a voice that was talking to him behind the fence.

"How do you mean," says Mr. Jones, "you recognized the voice?"

"Well, I knew I had heard it before," I says, "somewheres."

"Oh," says Steve, "like a subway guard's or a fruit peddler's."

"No," I says, "more familiar than that. A voice I had heard over the telephone—more'n once," I says.

"And you know whose it is?" says Mr. Jones.

"Yes," I says, "I do now—today," I says. "It's a inspector's."

"Where was he at?" says Steve.

"I was that struck in a heap at the time," I says, "I don't remember," I says. "But what I thought was that before pinning it on to nobody without proof we might go out and catch him with the goods."

"But how do you think we can go out and butt into a legitimate business maybe," says Mr. Jones, "without no more to go on than this? What we must do is to find out who this inspector is."

"Yes," I says, "but how? They must 'a' been at least ten inspectors' jobs on my case tonight. Are you going to bring every inspector up in front o' me and make him talk," I says, "so I can pick the one?" I says. "It seems to me it wouldn't take long to put the bird wise, if you did," I says. "And then we might go out and find that garage empty."

"Well, no," says Jones. "Maybe so. What was your idea, Miss Malone?"

"My idea," I says, "is to all meet out to my house, say at a quarter o' twelve tomorrow morning. You," I says, "and a coupla guards——"

"And Steve here," says Jones.

"Why, if Mr. McMahon cares to come," I says.

"You bet I'm coming," says Steve.

"We are all off duty then," I says. "If we're let in the garage and the fellow inside is nobody we know, and the business is legitimate as you says, why, we can apologize," I says, "and beat it."

"Well," says Jones, "your plan might be the best way at that. If nothing comes of it, why, we don't need to tell nobody, and if we do nab a crooked inspector—well, I guess the heads o' the firm won't kick."

"They might think, maybe, they had some live birds working for them," I says, "besides all the dead ones down to the main office," I says.

"You've said it," says Jones. "I wonder what guards we oughtta let in on it," he says. "There's Anderson lives out my way in Yonkers."

"And there's Bradshaw lives out Miss Malone's way, don't he?" says Steve.

"Oh," says Jones, like he had suddenly been put wise to something. "So that's how the wind lies?"

"Don't let Mr. McMahon throw any insinuations," I says, kinda hot, 'cause I was sore all over, "about me and Mr. Bradshaw. It ain't fair to Mr. Bradshaw," I says, "him knowing nothing about it." And I bit my tongue good and hard, for the reason that I could feel my eyes fillin' up and I thought if Steve McMahon should ever see that he could make me cry I would wantta die right there, and never come to again!

Mr. Jones must 'a' saw how I felt, for he says, all business: "Well, suppose we meet at Miss Malone's at a quarter to twelve tomorrow like she says. I think Anderson, with a cop, oughtta be enough, and we don't want any

more in on it than necessary for good and sufficient reasons," he says.

"Suits me," says Steve.

III.

THE next morning they was all on time at a quarter to twelve. Nora said as how she would 'a' felt dopey in my place, going out on the street with all of 'em and headed for shootin' and everything, maybe. Well, it had begun to look pretty foolish even to me. I had moments when I begun to think maybe I was cuckoo, what with imaginin' I had recognized a inspector's voice and all.

But it was too late to back down—Steve and Mr. Jones and Anderson, the guard, all there. We beat it outta the flat, and outside Mr. Jones and I walks on ahead and Steve and Anderson follows on behind.

"I gotta cop that's going to meet us on this next corner," says Jones. "He's just going to fall in behind like he didn't belong to our party. We don't want nobody to suspect that we're out for deer," he says.

The cop was waiting like Jones said. Maybe I was wrong, but I felt like he was looking on the whole thing as a tenderfoot job.

"If we're out for deer," I says to myself, "this here cop thinks we'll be lucky if we see a chipmunk."

By the time we come to the billboard fence my heart was fluttering up in back o' my throat like it had been chased there by something down below. Honest, I was ashamed of it! We stooped under the billboard and walks all unconcerned, like we was making a Sunday call maybe, up toward the little old garage. The cop kinda wanders around one side and the guard, Anderson, around the other. Then we steps up, me and Jones and Steve.

"Stay back, Sarah!" says Steve to me, kinda fierce and low.

"Not much," I says, "if anybody's going to get hurt, why it oughtta be me for bringing you here."

"Steve is right," says Jones, "you've done your bit, we can carry on alone now," says he.

"Maybe you can," I says, "but you're not agoing to," I says.

"Let's see first if there's anybody in there before we do any more arguing," says Jones, and with that he steps up to the door, his hand on his hip pocket, and kinda leans against it.

It didn't seem to give none, so he leans a little harder. Well it suddenly comes open. There was the sound o' something being pushed back and a man stood in the doorway. He was kinda a good-looking young bird with red cheeks like a girl's, though they got white enough as he stood looking at us. He put out his hands like he wasn't going to let us pass.

"We'll talk it all over inside, peaceful," says Jones, and he pulls the gun quick outta his pocket and pokes it against the young guy's ribs.

They backs in and we follows, me and Steve. Steve was staring at that guy like he had seen his mother's ghost.

The place inside was fixed up something like a office. There was an old roll-top desk that looked like it had been used as something to throw bricks at, and there was an old stove with a rusty stovepipe and a coupla chairs. Back in the garage there was heaps o' something covered with sheets and on one o' the chairs was a pile o' furs that the guy must 'a' been sortin', for some of 'em was laid along the back of the chair, careful-like.

"A regular business—double entry bookkeepin' and all," says Jones, looking at the desk.

"Grand Rapids furniture," says Steve, "1887 pattern."

"All so cozy and antique," I says, but I was looking at the young bird and feelin' sorry for him. He sat on one o' the chairs and never says a word. His hair was black and slick like it might be shellacked and he was lookin' at his nails like he thought he was due for another call on a manicure, maybe.

ALL of a sudden I could feel that Steve was looking at me like he didn't know just what to make o' me or something. He steps over and takes hold of my arm, hard.

"Sarah," he says in a whisper, "don't you know who this bird is?"

Just then Jones speaks up.

"Well, are you going to make a clean breast of it?" he says.

"It looks like I'd have to," says the young bird.

It was the voice I had recognized all along—the inspector's!

"No," I says to Steve, "who is he?"

"I'm glad to hear that, Bradshaw," says Jones.

I would 'a' sunk right down on the floor if Steve hadn't 'a' took hold o' me. So this bird was Bradshaw!

"So you hooked up with a gang o' crooks," says Jones, "and thought you could get away with it? Kinda cute," says Jones, "to have 'em make those cuts in the plate glass so as to stall the guards while one of 'em was making off with the real swag out the back door."

"I'll say so," says Bradshaw, though he spoke like he had no heart in it.

Well, Jones calls the cop in, and while they goes over the furs, Steve says as how I look pretty peaked and better get home and he'll take me there.

We walked along like we was in a trance. It seemed good to feel Steve's hand on my arm and to know that he knew the truth about me and that Bradshaw bird. But I didn't want him to think he could get away with murder and get took back all easy, neither.

"Maybe," I says, "maybe you'll admit now that you was wrong to jump at collusions, as you did," I says.

"Well, we're all liable to mistakes," says Steve, "that's why they put rubbers on the ends o' pencils."

O' course, I seen it was no good to argue with Steve, him feeling so good and high-cockalorum, so I didn't. All I said was, "When I'm a supervisor for this day's work," I says, "you'll have to treat me with more respect," I says, "and not be late for engagements because you've went to the wrong theayter," I says.

"Atta girl!" says Steve, and he slips on my ring.

THE END

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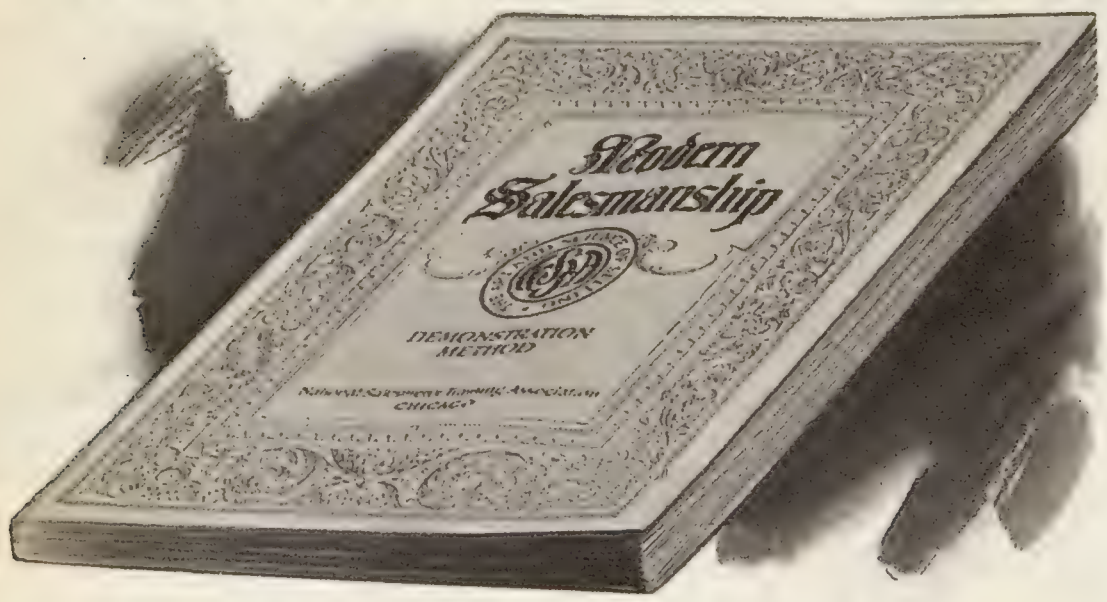

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Not one of the men whose names appear at the right had ever sold a thing before—not a dime's worth. If you had told one of them that he could sell he would have laughed at you.

They were frankly skeptical. Yet every one of these men, through reading this book, discovered the fallacy of this vicious old idea that Salesmen are "born." They learned that Master Salesmen are made! And in this book they found a comparatively easy way to go from low pay to better earnings.

Simple as A B C

Sounds remarkable, doesn't it? Yet there is nothing remarkable about it. There are certain ways to approach different types of prospects to get their undivided attention—certain ways to stimulate keen interest—certain ways to overcome objections, batter down prejudices, outwit competition and make the prospect act. If you will learn these principles, there is awaiting you a brilliant success and more money than you ever thought of earning. This book, "Modern Salesmanship," tells exactly how the National Salesmen's Training Association will make you a Master Salesman.

As soon as you are qualified and ready, the Employment Service of the National Salesmen's Training Association will help you to select and secure a selling position as city or traveling salesman.

Now Free to Every Man Who Will Act at Once

We are not making any extravagant claims about what we will do for you. We don't have to. The records of the real successes for which we are responsible are so overwhelming a testimonial of the fact that any man of average intelligence can become a Master Salesman that we are willing to leave the decision entirely up to you. All of this proof and many important features about Salesmanship are contained in "Modern Salesmanship." It is yours—FREE. Send the coupon for it today. It will show you how you can quickly become a Master Salesman—a big money maker. It will tell you about the National Salesmen's Training Association system of Salesmanship Training that has brought prosperity to so many thousands of men—about the National Demonstration Method that gives you the equivalent of actual experience while studying—and all about the fine opportunities that await you in the selling field. Failure to act may mean that you lose the one big chance of your life to leave forever behind you the low pay of a routine job.

Chicagoans are invited to call personally at the Association Building or at our downtown headquarters—Suite 520, at 53 W. Jackson Blvd.

READ!

S. H. Ward of Chicago stepped from a $20 job to a position paying him $13,500 the first year—over $1,000 a month. Hartle, a R. R. mail clerk, read this book, and made $1,000 the first 30 days. Malfroot stepped into a $10,000 position as Salesmanager. Champion made more than $10,000 and was elected president of his company. Berry, a farmhand of Winterset, Iowa, found in this book a way to jump his earnings from $60 a month to $1,000 the first month. And these men are only a few of thousands.

WORLD'S OLDEST AND LARGEST SALESMANSHIP TRAINING INSTITUTION
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. G-115, N. S. T. A. Building,
1139 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. G-115, N. S. T. A. Building,
1139 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.
Send me FREE your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and Proof that I can become a Master Salesman.

Name .....
Address .....
City ..... State .....
Age ..... Occupation .....

Fishin'

By
Frederick Halsey

TREES overhanging. The white of birch, the tender green of new leaves, the green-black of evergreens, the white glory of dogwood blossom, a Judas tree making a splotch of color in the woodland shadows.

A rocky ledge projecting into a pool. Upstream, a rush of water breaking white against bowlders. The agate-green of submerged stones under the rippling rush. A little fall where the playing water dives over a brown-green ledge into the pool, flashing white as the bubbles break.

The slow swirl of the current in the pool, moving around as if resting after its romp through the rapids. A moving crest of foam at the center. Water witches racing as if skating across the surface, little waves following their wakes. The rustle of leaves as a soft wind stirs new foliage. The tinkle of falling water, the gurgle of the stream under the rocks of the ledge, the drowsy muttering of the upper rapids.

The shrill cry of a jay in the beech tree. The note of a song sparrow in the birch. The chatter of birds in the underbrush. The staccato bark of a squirrel high in the oak. The hum of an insect. The splash downstream as the old muskrat slides from the half-submerged log.

A slim rod. A thin strand of silk. The mottled red and brown and white of a Parmachene Belle. A quick fillip of the wrist. A flash as the fly arcs outward over the rocky ledge. The swish of the line through the air. A little ripple widening as the Belle alights upon the surface of the pool just below the little fall.

A flash of silver. A sudden whirl of agitated water. The quick tightening of the silken thread. The thin rod bending into a bow. The whir of a reel. A minute of tingling thrill. Steady! Steady, now! The landing net! A flapping streak of silver in the meshes. Gee, it weighs two pounds!

Gosh! I wanta go fishin'!

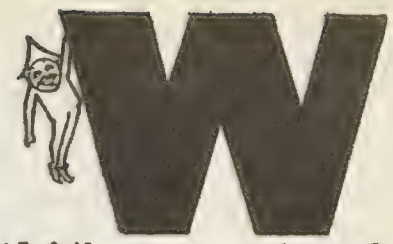
THE END

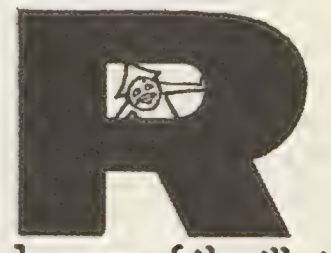
Have You Tried This Method?

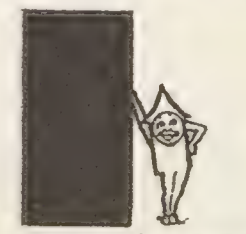
Worried Individual to Medium—Can you communicate with the spirits of the departed?

Medium—Yes. Is there something you wish to know?

W. I.—Ring up Noah Webster and get me a word in eleven letters meaning an indeciduous tree in Czecho-Slovakia, and ask King Tut the name of his mother.

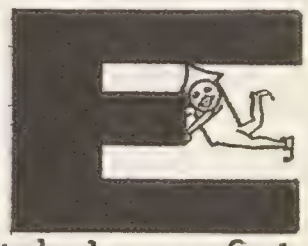

Wrigley's is as beneficial as it is pleasant and lasting.

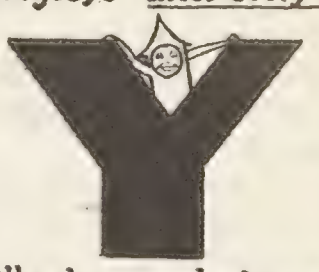

Regular use of it will aid the teeth, appetite and digestion.

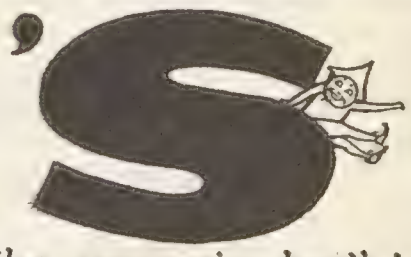

It cleanses the teeth, removing food particles that cause decay.

Good gum is good for you—doctors and dentists affirm this.

Let the children have Wrigley's for lasting pleasure and benefit.


Eat wisely, chew your food well and use Wrigley's - after every meal.


You will note a marked improvement in your health and spirits.


Smiles come easier, breath is sweeter, the world is brighter with Wrigley's.

F 39

"after every meal" — the flavor lasts!

WRIGLEY'S JUICY FRUIT CHEWING GUM
THE FLAVOR LASTS

LUCKY is she whose grandmother saved her old point lace.

Your Daughter Should Achieve a Pretty Home Wedding for $400 —But Try and Do It!

The High Price *of* June Brides

By Hugh Fullerton

Pictures by OSCAR F. HOWARD

THE price of June brides has risen more than two hundred per cent in the last generation. It costs approximately twelve times as much to get married now as it did in grandma's time; but, boys, take it from one who invested early, it pays a big dividend, no matter what the price.

Take one look at the June bride, arrayed in beaded white satin, with a priceless veil of old lace; one glimpse at the trousseau standing under a bower of hothouse roses (why hothouse, with the bushes around the house loaded, no one knows), at the smilax, the lilies of the valley, perhaps the orchids, the *prie-dieu,* and then think of the nerve of a government that would class her merely as a four-hundred-dollar exemption!

Until daughter got married, I hadn't realized what an advance had taken place in the cost of weddings. In our own case, I didn't kick on anything excepting that *prie-dieu,* or "proo doo," as the florist called it; something French, meaning a prayer bench for the couple to kneel upon. When on the bill I found "Proo doo, $15," I wanted to kick. I have since figured that proo doo must bring in more income for the florist in a year than a six-room flat used to yield. He has used it at every wedding in our section for years. However, in cases like this, dad's attitude is:

"His not to reason why; his but to pay and buy," as Tennyson nearly said.

The justification of June weddings lies in the fact that dad loses only a four-hundred-dollar exemption, while Friend Husband gains fifteen hundred dollars in deductions immediately, with future possibilities. Possibly a wise government decided that a girl who is only worth a four hundred dollar deduction unmarried is worth fifteen hundred dollars married in order to stimulate the demand for brides.

It is not necessary to spend great sums on weddings. In fact, you can have a modest little church wedding and a little dinner for the bridal party for a couple of hundred dollars. But gosh, when daughter is the June bride, pop is in the mood of a drunken sailor and anxious to make it cost more, as anxious as the salespeople are to help him spend.

There was a "modest" home wedding in Westchester, with a reception and a breakfast following, which may give a clew. The bride's father, himself a teetotaler, weakened when his wife said it would not be a real wedding without drinks, and told the caterer, who knew about such things, to secure the necessary stuff. The caterer supplied the dinner for the attendants at the rehearsal the evening before the wedding, a champagne punch for the reception, and what he considered sufficient cocktails and wines for the breakfast for thirty-five persons —which added exactly twenty-two hundred dollars to the bill.

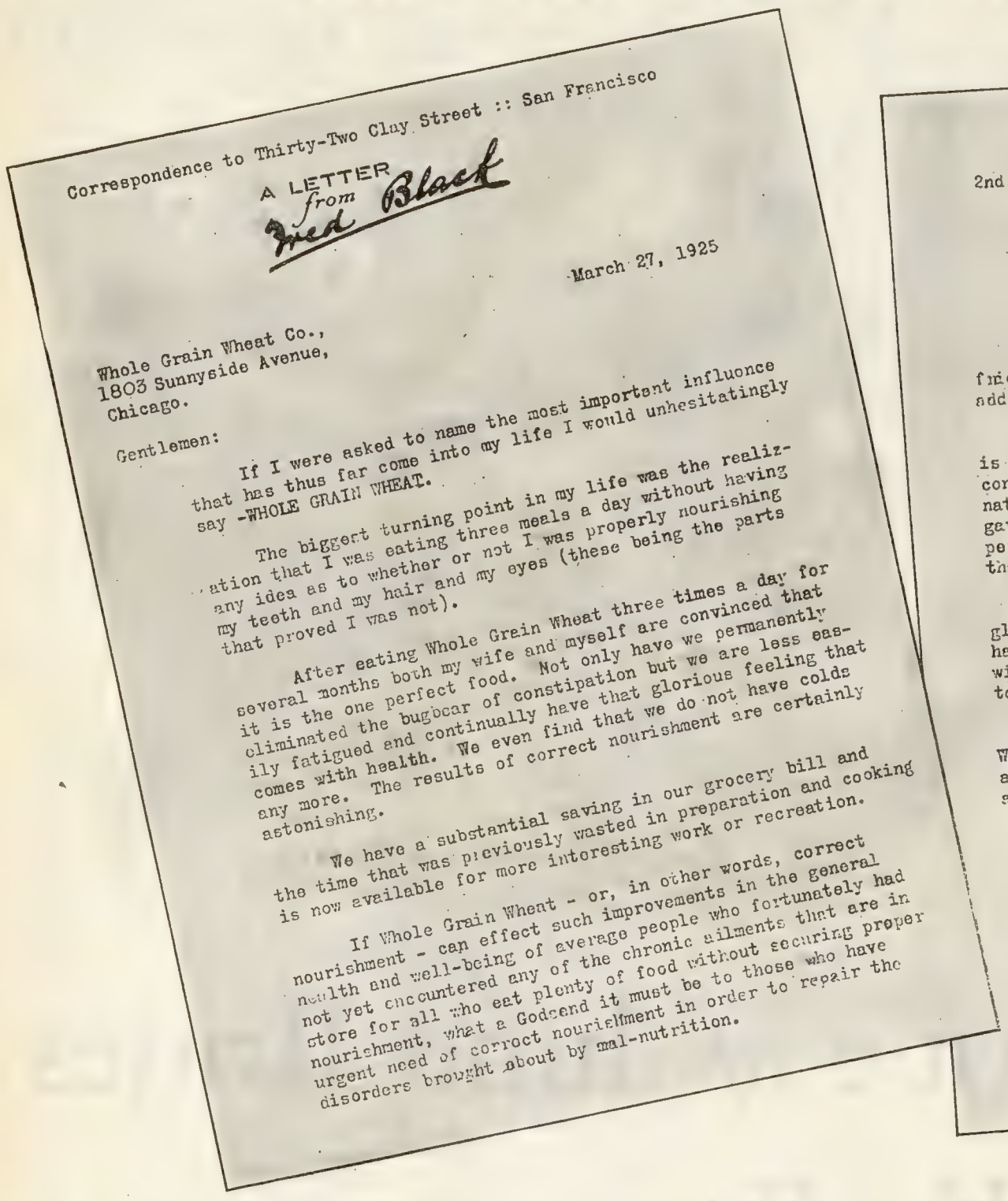
It is still possible for a careful shopper and good manager to hold down the expenses of a June wedding. The cheapest of which I know figures around five dollars and forty cents in New York City. The license fee is two dollars, the fee for performing the ceremony two dollars and up (with the accent on the "up"), twenty cents carfare, and the rest for the bridal breakfast at the automat.

There was a wedding in Chicago not long ago which was said to have cost half a million dollars; so, the range of expense for a wedding is somewhere between five dollars and forty cents and a million dollars.

Just where necessary expense stops and spending for display begins is hard to determine. But undoubtedly the cost has gone sky high. Even the cheapest wedding has doubled in price in the last ten years. Then a license cost one dollar, an alderman would perform the ceremony for one dollar or what have

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

"the most important influence that has come into my life"



Correspondence to Thirty-Two Clay Street :: San Francisco

A LETTER *from* Fred Black

March 27, 1925

Whole Grain Wheat Co.,
1803 Sunnyside Avenue,
Chicago.

Gentlemen:

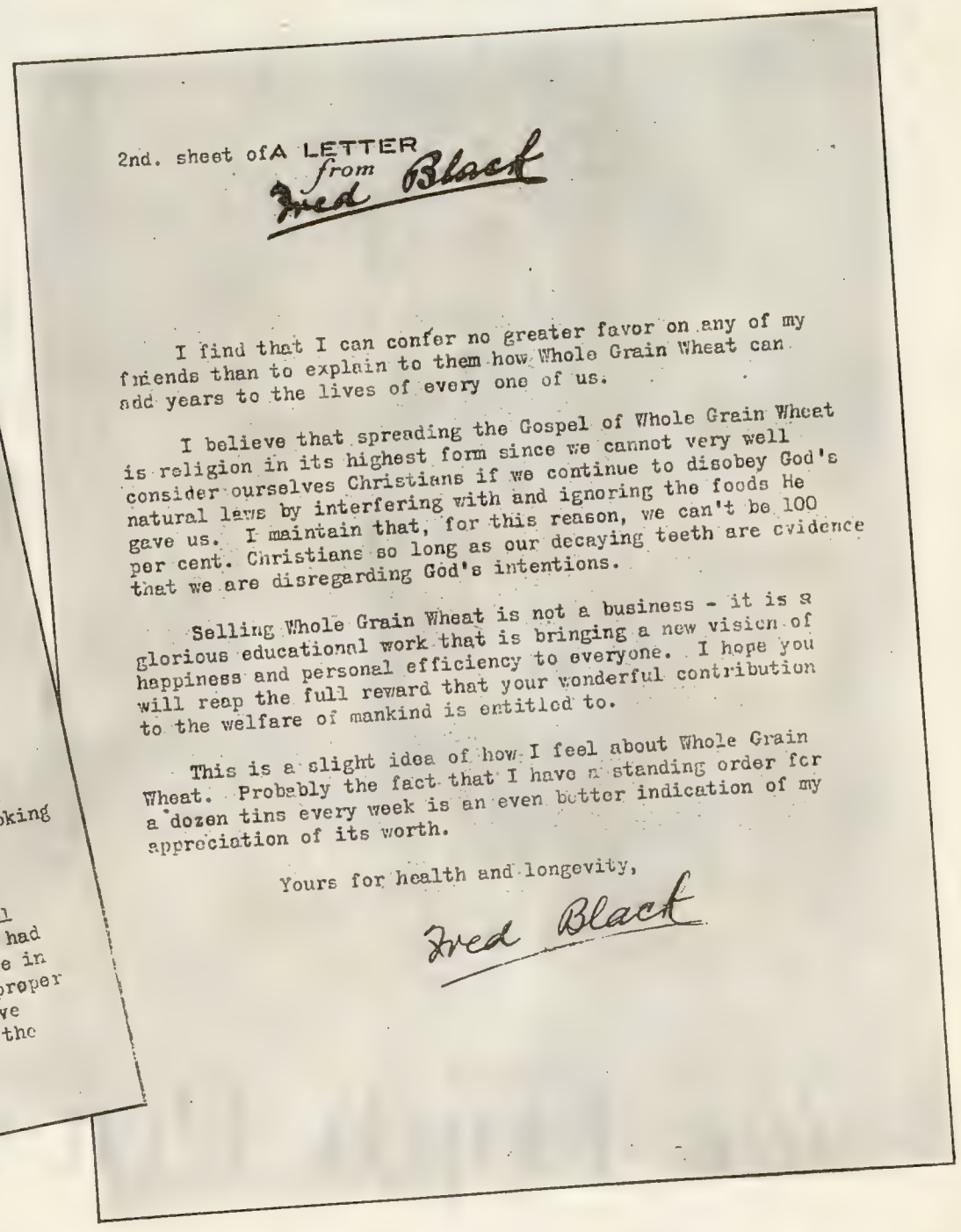
If I were asked to name the most important influence that has thus far come into my life I would unhesitatingly say -WHOLE GRAIN WHEAT.

The biggest turning point in my life was the realization that I was eating three meals a day without having any idea as to whether or not I was properly nourishing my teeth and my hair and my eyes (these being the parts that proved I was not).

After eating Whole Grain Wheat three times a day for several months both my wife and myself are convinced that it is the one perfect food. Not only have we permanently eliminated the bugbear of constipation but we are less easily fatigued and continually have that glorious feeling that comes with health. We even find that we do not have colds any more. The results of correct nourishment are certainly astonishing.

We have a substantial saving in our grocery bill and the time that was previously wasted in preparation and cooking is now available for more interesting work or recreation.

If Whole Grain Wheat - or, in other words, correct nourishment - can effect such improvements in the general health and well-being of average people who fortunately had not yet encountered any of the chronic ailments that are in store for all who eat plenty of food without securing proper nourishment, what a Godsend it must be to those who have urgent need of correct nourishment in order to repair the disorders brought about by mal-nutrition.



2nd. sheet of A LETTER *from* Fred Black

I find that I can confer no greater favor on any of my friends than to explain to them how Whole Grain Wheat can add years to the lives of every one of us.

I believe that spreading the Gospel of Whole Grain Wheat is religion in its highest form since we cannot very well consider ourselves Christians if we continue to disobey God's natural laws by interfering with and ignoring the foods He gave us. I maintain that, for this reason, we can't be 100 per cent. Christians so long as our decaying teeth are evidence that we are disregarding God's intentions.

Selling Whole Grain Wheat is not a business - it is a glorious educational work that is bringing a new vision of happiness and personal efficiency to everyone. I hope you will reap the full reward that your wonderful contribution to the welfare of mankind is entitled to.

This is a slight idea of how I feel about Whole Grain Wheat. Probably the fact that I have a standing order for a dozen tins every week is an even better indication of my appreciation of its worth.

Yours for health and longevity,

Fred Black

THE ECONOMY OF NATURAL REPLENISHMENT

It costs Mr. and Mrs. Black but $1.61 a day for everything they eat—a pretty low price for health and happiness.

Whole Grain Wheat	48c
1 pt. Cream, 3 pts. Milk	68c
Lettuce and Tomatoes	15c
Dates, Oranges, Apples	30c

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR PROFIT AND SERVICE

Part-time and full-time WORKERS are wanted everywhere. After you have proved in your own body that natural substances are the only substances the Creator meant for replenishing the blood-stream; that natural wheat is among the best of natural food substances; that WHOLE GRAIN WHEAT is natural wheat made edible without denaturing—then we will be interested in you as a distributor.

Although hailed everywhere as the world's wonder food ***Whole Grain Wheat*** in reality is merely man's ***re***discovery of a simple basic fact that is as old as creation itself.

The "wonder" of it is the realization its ***regular*** use brings, (as in Mr. Black's case) that civilized man has forgotten that he is a creature of Nature and subject to Nature's non-elastic laws.

The only thing new about ***Whole Grain Wheat*** is the process by which natural wheat is prepared ready to eat without the loss of ***any*** of its 16 life elements and vitamine effects—***a thing never before achieved.***

It is cooked—but not according to accepted standards of cooking.

"Accepted standards" as regards the preparation, cooking and eating of food are responsible for most of humanity's misery, sickness and premature deaths.

Whole Grain Wheat is in no sense a "cure" although 75 ailments to which humanity is heir (through a tragic misunderstanding of what constitutes food) have disappeared out of the lives of regular users.

Regular use of Whole Grain Wheat is so fundamental to health that we insist you purchase it in cartons of 1 doz. 11-ounce tins (four servings in each tin) or cases of 4 doz. This makes ***regular*** use more convenient and certain and prevents a waste of your money in now-and-then, unfair and nonproductive experimenting. Cost delivered is $2.00 per carton, $7.60 per case, east of Denver; $2.25 and $8.30 west of Denver; foreign, $3.50 per carton.

It is sold only through authorized distributors specially trained to serve you and—

NEVER THROUGH STORES

Look in your telephone book for Whole Grain Wheat distributor or send remittance to Whole Grain Wheat Co., 1803 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago, Ill. Chicago readers phone Ravenswood 4101. Canadian address, 26 Wellington St., E., Toronto, Ont. Toronto readers phone Main 4489.

Grandmother and her bridesmaids picked the flowers from the home garden.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

you, and usually some alderman was glad to do it for the right to kiss the bride and a chance to gain a vote.

The taste of the bride, of course, and the size of her dad's pocketbook decide the expense of a wedding. In truth, we dads are to blame. We have allowed the Four-Hundred-Dollar Exemptions to get into the habit of spending much money, and they have lost respect for a dollar.

Her wedding day is, naturally, the biggest day in a girl's life—and a June day, a June wedding, a June bride are about the dearest and most beautiful of all things. That day she has dreamed of ever since babyhood. When she was dressing her dolls she was planning the gown she would wear at her wedding. This is true. If you give a girl baby a doll and a piece of mosquito netting, she will make a bridal veil and stage a wedding. It is as natural to her as breathing.

To be fair to them, June brides seldom are as extravagant in their calculations as their mothers are. The day after daughter exhibits a ring and announces she and Jack have decided on June, and isn't the ring pretty, mother forgets everything she ever knew about economy. In truth, she wanted a great many things when she got married that she gave up unselfishly, and she is determined *her* daughter shall not miss the things she missed.

Probably, up to that time, ma has scolded pa a thousand times for being so wasteful in giving daughter spending money. Possibly, too, the June bride, with her new happiness and her new resolves, would start and practice her ideas of economy. But a June wedding is ma's affair. *Her* daughter is going to have the best; just as good as anyone else's daughter.

Given that as a basis of calculation, the caterer, the florist, the gownmaker, the photographer, yea, brethren, and even the minister, know what to do. The financial lid is off. Daughter is going to have the right kind of wedding even if pa and ma have to sell the old Liberty bonds to do it. Lucky is she whose grandmother saved her old point lace, and twice lucky is her dad—for old point saves him many a dollar. There is the hat, the silver or gold slippers, the bridesmaids' costumes.

Cost of an Average June Wedding, 1925

Father's share—	
Engraving	*$ 45 to $75*
Trousseau	*$400 up (mostly UP)*
Gifts for attendants	*$150 up (chiefly UP)*
Father's gift to bride	*What he can afford*
Mother's gift to bride	*Ditto*
Flowers and decorations	*$175*
Caterer	*$150 to $500*
Bride's cake	*$ 50*
Music	*$ 35 to $ 75*
(If drinks are to be served, add from $300 up)	
Bridegroom's share—	
Gift to bride	*?*
Ring	*?*
Bouquets for bride and attendants	*$50 up*
Minister	*?*
Total	*The Bank Roll*

The first expense is engraving, and today the invitations, announcements, and at home cards cost more than grandmother's whole wedding trousseau and outfit cost. There are the bride's gifts for her attendants, her little tokens for the groom's attendants, her small presents for the flower girls, the caterer, the florist, the musicians. Just an ordinary home wedding with, say, a hundred guests will set dad back any where from twenty-five hundred to three thousand dollars, and when dad's gift to the bride (naturally, he has to do his best there) is included, the old bank roll has the latest boyish form—flattened fore and aft.

It is possible to shade that considerably. The caterer, for instance, can do fairly well for a buffet luncheon for two hundred and fifty dollars. The bride's cake can be anything from ten dollars up, unless you want fruit cake for the guests to sleep on, when a hundred and fifty dollars disappears in a few minutes.

I saw a cake recently that cost seven hundred dollars for the making alone, and it had nearly two thousand dollars' worth of junk, including the lucky ring, in it.

It is no time for dad to try to economize. He might just as well (or even better) try to evade his income tax. In that case he might get a fine and a jail sentence; but if he skimps on daughter's wedding, neither she nor ma ever will forget or forgive.

There is one item on which dad is lucky in June: he escapes easily on the flowers—

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

A Scrap of Paper Made Him His Dead Pal's Heir

Fate carries Kit Carew, a giant Klondiker, from the icy solitudes of Alaska to old England, where an amazing tangle of plot and counterplot works to prevent his inheritance of an enormous estate.

A thrilling story of a bluff, blond giant who can fight and hate and love, pitted against unscrupulous men.

Red-blooded adventure that will keep your pulses throbbing and carry you from page to page with breath-taking speed.

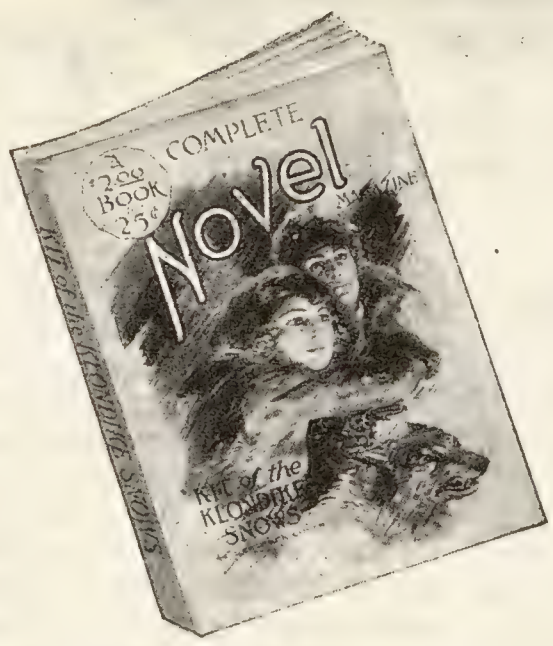
You get the whole story without a break in the Complete Novel Magazine—a new idea in magazines.

No more "To be continued" just as your interest reaches its highest point—a full-length novel each month which would ordinarily cost you two dollars at the bookstore.

Kit of the Klondike Snows

By GEORGE GOODCHILD

This whole story is complete in the July issue



The NEW MAGAZINE with a NEW IDEA

VIVID, HEART-GRIPPING DRAMA, NERVE-TINGLING, ROMANTIC ADVENTURE—CLEAN, WHOLESOME NEW FICTION EACH MONTH IN

Complete NOVEL Magazine

25¢ A Complete $2.00 book for only 25¢

At all newsdealers everywhere

[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-THREE]

compared with the midwinter bride. Not so easily as one would think. It is a wise dad who figures June, the month of roses, should be a rose wedding. If he goes in for orchids and lilies of the valley, he is liable to hear the bad news just a few days before the sheriff is notified.

It behooves the dad of a June bride to start right in the matter of florists. If he picks the right color scheme he can save fifty per cent. This is especially true in the fall, when one may advise seasonal colors of browns and reds, of corn flower and yellows, and save something from the wreckage. But the minute he sees the bride and her mother examining orchid tints and such things, he should look out. Once mother and daughter start on a color scheme, there is no dodging.

I had a friend who, in his ignorance of such things, permitted his wife and daughter to decide upon a certain shade of orchid and lilies of the valley for a December wedding. The florist's bill for that wedding ran up to sixty-two hundred dollars. The bride's bouquet alone cost fourteen hundred dollars.

PERHAPS there is no other event in life where the range of possible expense is so wide, and certainly none in which so little effort to save is made. Dad, mother, everyone concerned, figures the same way. It occurs only once, and we'll give daughter the right kind of wedding. The natural result is, money is spent recklessly in many instances and proper values are not secured. In truth, most mothers and fathers take pleasure in wasting "just once—just this time." Probably they get their money's worth in sheer enjoyment of lavish spending.

It is certain that with a little careful management the bill of the average home wedding can be reduced at least fifty per cent.

A man who has arranged hundreds of such affairs in a New York suburb says the average family can have a real first-class wedding, with seventy-five guests and all the trimmings necessary, at the following expense:

Engraving and mailing	$ 45
Bride's trousseau . . .	400
Flowers and decorations	175
Caterer	150
Music	35

Dad has one comeback: the groom is supposed to pay for the bride's bouquet and for those of the attendants. Also, it is up to the groom to settle with the minister.

Aside from the gowns, there is no reason daughter should not get a pretty home wedding for a total of four hundred dollars.

But try to do it! Try to do it!

THE END

Beautiful Anna Q. Nilsson says, "The 'Opal Hues' in PETER PAN Opal Hue Powder film the features with a marvelous new opalescent beauty. It is truly an extraordinary powder." See her in "Inez of Hollywood."

"OPAL HUES"

in this strange new powder

Give You a Striking, New, Opalescent Beauty in Any Light—*instead of the dull, lifeless effect of ordinary powders*

THE mysterious combination of dazzling hues in Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder reflects utmost beauty under any kind of light—day or night. Countless atoms of Crimson, Mauve, Emerald, Azure, Amber, etc.—the shimmering tints captured from the gorgeous opal—are cleverly blended in this most precious powder.

Myriads of OPAL HUES so fine they are invisible—but under the powerful glass of the microscope they leap into flaming beauty. That is why Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder so marvelously films the skin with a new prismatic glow.

A Beauty Treatment Every Time You Powder

Stays on for hours. Absolutely pure. Made of finest and most costly ingredients. Comes in four new shades — sealed in silk — at three dollars the box.

NATURAL OPAL HUE
RACHEL OPAL HUE
WHITE OPAL HUE
ROSE OPAL HUE

No Other Powder Like It

Decidedly different. Instantly effective in imparting radiant beauty—a beauty heretofore unobtainable. Read the amazing story that comes with each box. Sold at finest Beauty Shops and Toilet Counters everywhere. If your dealer cannot supply you, use coupon for generous trial box—TODAY!

Created by FALLIS, Inc., *Perfumer*
CINCINNATI
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Peter Pan
OPAL HUE
BEAUTY *Powder*

Sealed in Silk—$3.00 the Box
In a box of glistening black and gold

Generous Trial

If your dealer cannot supply you send $1.00 for a generous size box of this exquisite powder and the amazing story of its creation. (Trial size not sold in stores.) Mail coupon at once.

FALLIS, INC., *Perfumer*
1515 Riverside Drive, Cincinnati

Enclosed is $1.00 for generous Trial Box of Peter Pan OPAL HUE Powder and the amazing story of its creation.

.....

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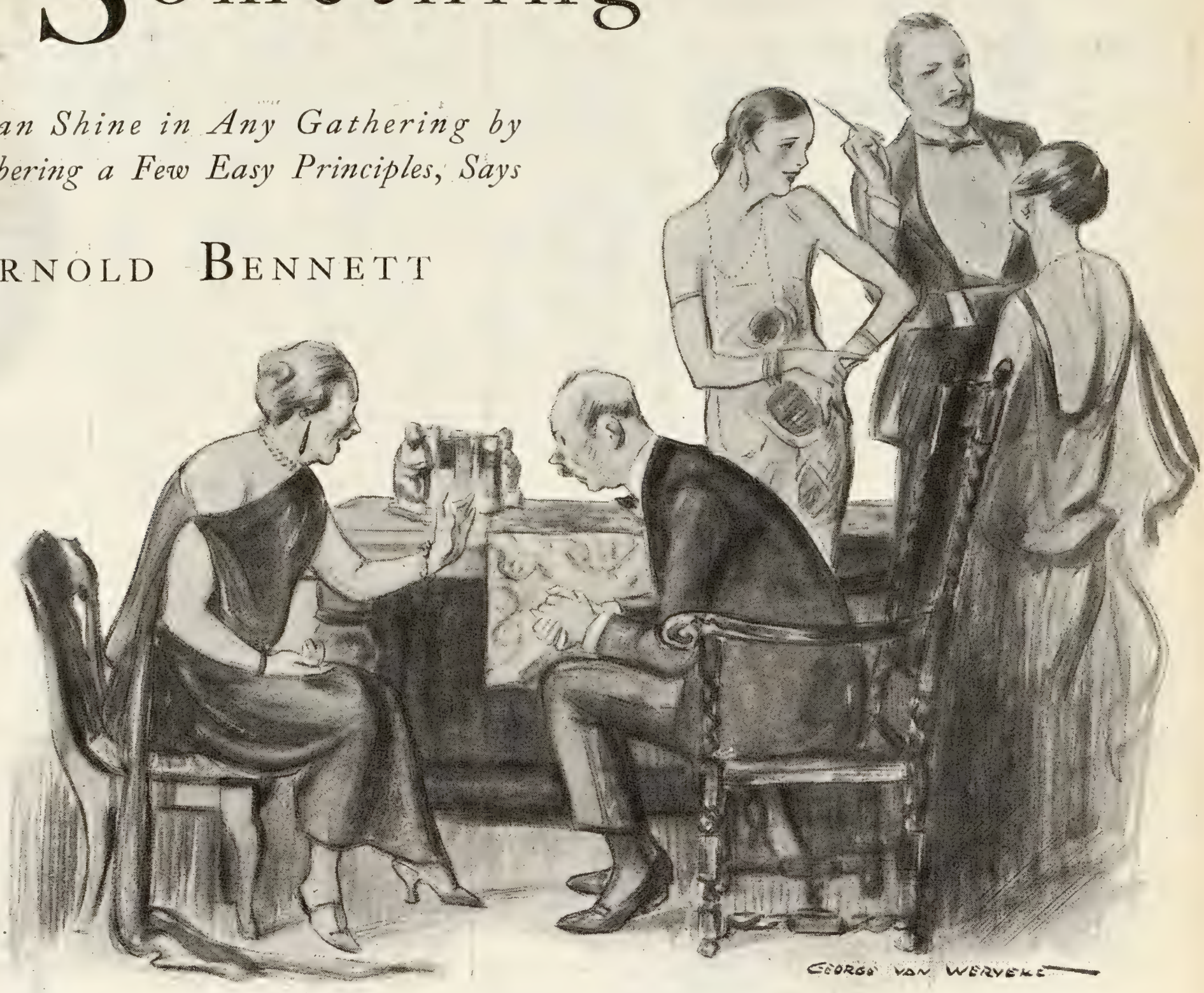
Give shade wanted.....

Say Something

You Can Shine in Any Gathering by Remembering a Few Easy Principles, Says

ARNOLD BENNETT

Pictures by GEORGE VAN WERVEKE



They can say no more than "Yes" or "No" or "I daresay." They sit like a locked safe of which the key has been mislaid.

THERE is, in Anglo-Saxondom, quite a numerous class of persons who would like to be good, or at any rate adequate, or at any rate glib conversationalists, but who are convinced that heaven in its wisdom has so constructed them that they cannot be.

A waste of time to try and convince them that small talk is good in itself and even a duty—they are already well convinced of this great fact; they yearn to shine in company; they would give their heads to be able to hold the attention of a room, were it only for two minutes, but they are deeply persuaded of their perfect inability to do so.

They will admit to you in confidence that they have tongues in their heads and know how to articulate words and put sentences together. But they will tell you that when the moment for action comes all thoughts fly at once in a flock out of their noodles and they can think of nothing on earth to say—of literally nothing.

Yet often these very same persons, in the society of one or perhaps two other persons with whom they are on a certain plane of intimacy, will display an astounding, an unending glibness; they will show that they possess observation, a critical faculty, judgment, a good memory, dramatic skill, a pretty malice, and occasionally some wit; thus demonstrating that a rich supply of the raw material of conversation is theirs.

We all of us know such people. The mischief with them is that if the environment in which they find themselves is not propitious, they really do become impotent. They can say no more than "Yes" or "No" or "I daresay."

They sit like a locked safe of which the key has been mislaid. They are horribly aware that it is very rude to sit like a locked safe in a group of beings each of whom is exhibiting his more or less interesting valuables for the general entertainment. Nay, more, they feel complete idiots. But the key is lost and they are helpless. Most of us indeed have been through this awful experience.

Now, of course, one good explanation is that parents are to blame. Children are not taught to talk, nor encouraged to talk. In the prehistoric days of my arduous youth children were deliberately taught not to talk. They were always being reminded of that unruly member of theirs.

It is not so bad nowadays, but it is still fairly bad. How can you expect anybody to converse even passably without a lot of practice "under battle conditions"? You cannot.

The young are taught to dance and they dance well; but they have not been taught to talk, and the result is that you see couples unaccustomed to each other moving most gracefully over the floor and neither of them can think of a word to say; and the further result is that girls assert that middle-aged men are far more interesting than young men and young men assert that girls are insipid.

The ready retort to my reasoning is that if children were encouraged to talk and instructed how to talk they would become insufferable, and that nothing is worse than a forward child. And so on. But if children are properly taught to talk they will be taught also not to be insufferable and not to be forward.

They will be taught the golden mean. And even if they are incapable of arriving at the golden mean and do become a general nuisance, the nuisance is not permanent. It passes as the years pass, but the ability to converse remains. For myself I would sooner have a forward child than a locked safe.

In my opinion those who sit painfully dumb amid bouts of small talk owe their misfortune to the notion that the sole alternative to silence is something brilliant, amusing, or profound.

THIS notion is very wrong-headed. The number of people to whom it is given to be brilliant, amusing, or profound in conversation is extremely limited. And even the finest talkers only say a memorable thing now and then. The recorded talk of persons famous for their conversational powers is often disappointing.

Many people, and especially women, can chatter "like anything" and are really entertaining—but try afterward to recall what they have said and you can recall naught that has the slightest importance, naught that retains its flavor for more than a minute or two.

And the fact is that these people have not been talking for immortality, or to impress, or to shine, or to teach, or to get at the exact truth on a subject. They have been talking

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Pat. Feb. 26, 1924

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FIVE]

simply for the sake of talking, of entertaining, of passing the time.

They have had no great purpose. Their purpose, on the contrary, has been most modest. And in striving to fulfill it they have shown themselves elastic in search of the desired diversion. They have not worried about exactitude of statement. For it is well to remember that, in the words of a famous London magistrate: "In conversation you are not on your oath." And you oughtn't to be on your oath.

What you have to do is to give yourself, as it were, rashly, without weighing what you say in a balance of pros and cons. You have not to hesitate. You have not to be afraid of being silly. Nearly all conversations contain a considerable admixture of mere silliness, must do so, should do so. Silliness gives piquancy to a conversation and adds emphasis to the occasional wisdom which emerges.

Further, though you are not bound to be precisely truthful, you ought not to conceal the truth that is in you. You must, in fact, with discretion, display the contents of the safe. You must be candid. You must be generous with the contents of the safe. Above all, you must not be ashamed of the contents of the safe.

IT appears, therefore, that the first step in the development of the the power of small talk is that the beginner should humble himself, and that in particular he should put away the terrible fear of being ridiculous.

After all, is it more ridiculous to talk ridiculously than to remain impolitely and ridiculously silent? It is not. The beginner must *say something*. And if he is content, as he should be, to express what is in his mind, he will in fact always have something to say.

The plea that all his thoughts have fled in a flock is not a valid one. The process of thinking is continuous, and in every head a new series of thoughts is being endlessly manufactured.

Never is the brain empty. Even if the dumb man only said, "You people are so confusing that I can't think of anything to say myself," he would be saying something; he would give a new turn, perhaps a new mood, to the conversation: which is the chief need of any conversation.

And his companions would think: "Here is a man who at any rate is natural," and would thereby be pleased, and possibly inspired.

Naturalness, absence of pose, adventurousness—these constitute the atmosphere most favorable to pleasant talk. And moreover it is as true of conversation as of any human activity that "one thing leads to another"—if only you

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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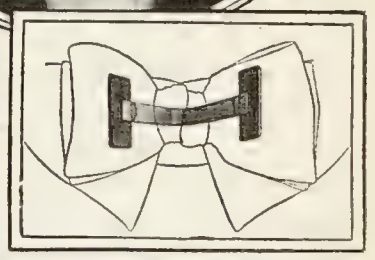

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THAT'S easy. Smart young fellows who dress smartly adopted the Spur Tie as soon as it was born, as the smartest, neatest style of bow tie ever tied.

Who wears Spur Ties now? That's harder, because millions of men, young and who look young, wear the Spur Tie now. *You* can't tell who they are because you don't know the trick. Here it is. Look for the smart, prettily patterned silk bow ties that look most like hand-tied ties. Those are Spurs. The patented H-shaped Innerform makes the Spur Tie look more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie.

Look for it on counters of smart shops for men. You will know that you are getting the patented H-shaped Innerform when the red Spur label is on the back of the tie you try. If you don't see what you want, write for Style Booklet.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]

will let it! A good conversation will be all the better for altering its direction and its tone a dozen times in an hour.

Good conversations generally start out of nothing at all. You may utter the most platitudinous of all platitudes—(need I say that I mean "the days are drawing in" or its contrary, according to the time of year?)—and with the least flick at an opportune moment it is capable of blossoming into originality and piquancy.

Suppose, for instance, someone retorts, "The mornings also are drawing in." Instantly a new point of view! Or supposing someone retorts, "Yes, but long evenings have points, too."

Instantly a skirmish may occur about the relative merits of the seasons as producers of happiness! And in conversations skirmishes are righteousness.

Yes, there is much to be urged in favor of platitudes as a basis of talk. Indeed, if the talkers are not intimate one with another, it is almost invariably best to begin with a statement upon which all will be agreed. It gives a feeling of safety, the assurance that Bolshevism is not present.

Then, again, anybody can seize an opportunity of relating something that has happened to himself. Ideas are not necessary for this easy feat.

And, still again, anybody can seize an opportunity for telling a "good story." You know no good stories? Then you ought to know some. Anglo-Saxondom is the home of good stories. The supply of them is infinite, and they are always welcomed.

If there is one thing in small talk that the Latin races envy in Anglo-Saxons it is the good story.

Acquire some good stories. They lie about as gold nuggets used to lie about in the Klondike and have simply to be picked up.

You are entitled to know whether, after all my argument in favor of small talk and precept in aid of the development of small talk among Anglo-Saxon mankind, I take up the position that a group of people ought to talk all the time when their faculties are not otherwise employed.

I do not take up such a position. On the contrary, I maintain that intelligent persons ought to be able occasionally to sit together in silence without feeling awkward and self-conscious. But only the consciousness of ability to talk agreeably if they feel inclined can save them from feeling awkward or self-conscious in silence.

ONE of the greatest blots—and there are several—on the manners of society in London today is the rule that at any cost you must keep on talking.

The mere row at many modern dinner tables is absolutely deafening and productive of tonsillitis and other throat affections, and the diners make too much noise simply because they are afraid of not making enough.

Also—another blot resulting. Some of the illustrious ladies whose ten-year-old portraits appear constantly in the picture papers have become incapable of listening—even their pretense of listening is extremely unconvincing.

Now listening, I need scarcely say, is an important part of good talk; good talk is indeed impossible without it. However, the tyro in chat requires not to be told to listen well. His danger is that he will listen too much, will listen with an exaggerated air which fails to hide that he is only listening because he can't do anything else to help.

To return and conclude. The ability to engage in diverting small talk, though it need not and should not be exercised in company all the time, will of itself cure that terrible constraint which afflicts so many families and other groups of unassuming people—especially at meals. And surely there is something laudable in trying to abolish it. Surely everybody who has suffered under it would give his head to abolish it! Surely, if it is abolished, life will be stimulated, will grow more interesting, amusing, pleasurable—yes, and more profitable, too!

I am perfectly convinced there is not one taciturn Anglo-Saxon in a thousand who does not in secret deplore his taciturnity and feel ashamed of it.

The trouble is that Anglo-Saxons, with their phlegmatic and socially uncritical temperament, have never troubled about the matter. They were born taciturn. And so they would remain. What of it?

At any rate, they would disdain to follow the example of foreigners—their deep assurance of superiority would alone prevent them from such a folly. . . . We are a comic race.

THE END

One good explanation is that parents are to blame. In the days of my youth children were deliberately taught not to talk.

An Exciting New Serial of Woman Against Woman in the Tangled Web of a Murder Mystery

Madame JUDAS

By

Margaret Turnbull

Pictures by WILLIAM KEMP STARRETT

WHO'S WHO *in the* THIRD INSTALLMENT

ANDREW DICKERSON, *brilliant attorney, who is conducting the difficult defense of*

DR. GILBERT ELIOT, *rising young physician of Willett's Bridge, Pennsylvania. Doctor Eliot is on trial for giving a deadly dose of arsenic to his employer,*

DR. CHARLES FAIRLIE, *the best-liked man in the county. Doctor Eliot was supposed to have committed the murder because of love for*

LAURA FAIRLIE, *Doctor Fairlie's wife. She is a dangerously beautiful woman of whom the community knows nothing, Doctor Fairlie having met and married her in Hartford, Connecticut, some months before his death. Her efforts to convict Doctor Eliot meet opposition from*

EVE HAMILTON, *beautiful, twenty-seven, unmarried, and sole survivor of her wealthy family. Before his marriage Doctor Fairlie had loved Eve, but she had been merely a good friend to both physicians. She had secured Dickerson's services, and after the case opens she drives by night to New Haven to beg the help of*

JULIET JACKSON, *a newspaper woman known as The Female Ferret, in running down Mrs. Fairlie's past. Juliet agrees, and soon finds a police lieutenant who thinks he knew Mrs. Fairlie, and that she was associated with a "black devil of a Spaniard." Meanwhile Eve returns, reaching the court by the opening hour, and in time to hear the prosecution call Mrs. Fairlie to the stand.*

LAURA FAIRLIE began by telling how Doctor Fairlie had been overworked in the epidemic of diphtheria that had suddenly developed in February. His assistant, Doctor Eliot, also was overworked, and did all he could, but the children and the parents preferred the older man. Doctor Charlie had been like a god to them, and he, who had always loved children, spent himself willingly for his little patients.

Laura paused here, and took up her handkerchief. All over the courtroom there was an inaudible but readily discernible effect of grief. More than one person in that courtroom had had a dangerously sick child whom Doctor Charlie had saved. The jury foreman's little girl owed her life to him.

Then she told of Doctor Charlie's return to their house on the fatal twenty-seventh of February. He had been ill in the morning, very painfully ill, sick, complaining of pains, but had set out, thinking it was merely a digestive upset from irregular meals and lack of sleep. He had been gone all day, save for intervals of dashing back to the house and out again.

Early that evening Miss Eve Hamilton had come over to see how he was and, after staying a short time, had walked home with Doctor Eliot, who was on office duty that night.

Feeling the need, here, to add another character to their group picture, the prosecuting attorney, very carefully now, since Eve Hamilton was well known and well liked and was Willett's Bridge's own, managed, with Laura Fairlie's able help, to paint Eve in.

Eve, amazed, watched herself gradually emerge as the time-honored figure in a stage play: the meddlesome, unmarried friend always trying to manage other people's affairs, obtruding her services to such an extent that Laura Fairlie was glad, even at the risk of having Doctor Eliot out of the house, to get Miss Hamilton away that night before the doctor returned.

"Why did you particularly want Miss Hamilton out of the house before Doctor Fairlie returned?"

"Because the day before he was taken so ill Miss Hamilton waylaid the doctor as he was returning home with Doctor Eliot. She insisted on Doctor Charlie's getting out of his car and coming to her house, where she had prepared a darkened room, and made him sleep until Doctor Eliot returned for him to make an important visit to a patient. She told him, I believe, that he would be ill if he did not sleep. I think she meant it most kindly, but she made herself ridiculous, fussing about him. The doctor felt this. She had even stopped me in the village, and told me to tell him to come to her house and sleep that afternoon and be away from all calls."

"Did you tell him?"

"No, I did not. I considered that Doctor Fa lie was clever enough to know when and how take care of himself."

"Yet he did go and take a rest at her house, she asked?"

The district attorney, being an astute a clever lawyer, felt that he had best go slowly wh the testimony reflected on Miss Eve Hamilt There, he was well aware, Andrew Dickers could count on a certain amount of public opini

But the district attorney also knew that he hi self could count on a certain strong curiosity, veloped by country and village life, sustaini him up to a certain point. He must not go beyo that point, nor must he allow his witness to sh any undue animosity. Already there was a fe ing of coolness in the room, an aloofness, diffic to analyze.

"Yes," Laura said, unhesitatingly, quick feel the difference in temperature. "He did

"I FOUND him asleep. Miss Hamilton refused to allow me to relieve her."

ut only, as he told me, to keep Miss Hamilton om worrying about him."

"He rested at her house, then, the afternoon he twenty-sixth?"

Yes, from two until six."

"Now, Mrs. Fairlie, will you tell me, as briefly s you can, what happened on the day and night f the twenty-seventh, the beginning of Doctor airlie's fatal illness?"

"The twenty-seventh was Thursday. In the orning, after breakfast, just before he went out, ctor Charlie complained of feeling ill. Before e could call his car to the office he was taken ill—readfully nauseated. He diagnosed his illness s ptomaine poisoning, I believe, and Doctor Eliot, ho had gone out to make a special call immeiately after breakfast, returned in time to preribe for him.

"The doctor would not consent, at first, to lie own and take the medicine, but finally yielded, took the dose Doctor Eliot prescribed for him, vomited, and then lay down for a while, complaining of great weakness.

"Doctor Eliot took most of his calls that day, but toward evening, though he looked frightfully ill, Doctor Charlie insisted on going out to make certain calls.

"He did not return at the usual time. Miss Hamilton came over just after supper and remained for a short time. As Doctor Charlie did not return, she started for her house again, accompanied by Doctor Eliot. They had been gone but a short time when Doctor Fairlie's car came into the garage, driven by the doctor himself, but in such a state of weakness and collapse that it was a great wonder to us all that he had ever reached home.

"I had Hamilton House, as Miss Hamilton's home is called, telephoned, asking Doctor Eliot to return. He came in a motor driven by Mr. William Davis and accompanied by Miss Hamilton."

Laura Fairlie paused, as though unable to go on any longer. The district attorney looked at her with sympathy and adopted his most soothing manner.

"What happened then, Mrs. Fairlie? Tell us briefly but as accurately as you can remember."

"Then for a time it was horrible. Doctor Fairlie had collapsed on his bed. Doctor Eliot began to work over him to revive him, and Miss Hamilton, quite ignoring me, assisted him. I—I was so frightened for my husband and so indignant at being—ignored—that I became hysterical. I remember Miss Hamilton helping me to my room and—and—and——"

Laura Fairlie broke down and cried softly.

THE district attorney looked about the courtroom as though calling on those assembled there to note how little it was to his liking that he must force this poor woman to relive the most dreadful day of her life. There was no need, for the courtroom was entirely in sympathy with her. Even Eve, stirred as she was at the gaps in Laura's story, pitied her.

With a resigned air, as though to show that, after all, it was not within his power to be as kind-hearted as nature had made him, the district attorney asked gently:

"Come, Mrs. Fairlie; hard as it is, the questions must be answered if you wish justice done, and I know you do. What happened that night?"

Andrew Dickerson rose leisurely, as though to give the poor woman time to collect herself, and objected to the form of the question.

The objection was finally overruled, and Mrs. Fairlie went on to say, in a low voice:

"All the rest of the night is like a bad dream to me. I do not recollect it any too clearly. I was taken to my room by my maid and, I think, Miss Hamilton, and Miss Hamilton stayed with me until morning. Doctor Eliot offered me a bromide, but I refused to take it. Sam Sands, a former chauffeur, to whom the doctor had suddenly taken an unreasonable dislike and discharged, was sent for. This was against my wishes, but, I was told, was at the doctor's request, and he sat

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE TWENTY-NINE]

up with Doctor Eliot until morning. This I did not know until afterward.

"In the morning he was relieved by Miss Hamilton. When I woke that morning and came to ask how my husband was, I found him looking very ill, but asleep, with Miss Hamilton watching over him. She refused to allow me to relieve her, saying that she had promised to remain until a nurse came from Hillsborough, where she was attending a convalescent case.

"After breakfast the nurse came with Doctor Eliot, who had motored over for her. She took entire charge of the case. A little later Doctor Eliot was called out on a case and Miss Hamilton went home. Half an hour after Doctor Eliot had been called on the case the sickness commenced again. The nurse did all she could and Doctor Eliot was sent for, but my husband sank rapidly. At noon he was dead. All morning long I had waited outside his door, but they wouldn't let me in. They said—they said that he didn't want to see me. He died—he died without a word to me."

Gilbert Eliot raised his head and looked toward the witness. He started to his feet, but with a strong hand Andrew Dickerson held him back as, with a little inarticulate moan, Laura Fairlie fell forward in a faint.

Amid a buzz of excitement, pity, and indignation the court adjourned for the day.

II.

AS Andrew Dickerson left the courtroom with his client, one look at that young man's face, pale and set, warned him that he was due to have trouble.

If his client had been a woman, Andrew would have known surely that there would be a tremendous burst of hysterics within the shortest possible time. Dealing with a man, he told himself that it would probably result in a burst of temper and in disagreeing with the first thing brought up or proposed to him. Craftily, Andrew made up his mind to speak no word concerning Miss Hamilton's errand the night before or The Female Ferret's note.

"If Miss Hamilton's car has not gone," he told the officer waiting at the door, "will you be good enough to ask her to come to my office for a moment?"

As the officer went on this errand Andrew turned to Gilbert:

"Would you like to speak to Miss Hamilton? I think I can arrange it."

"My God! No!" Gilbert said, vehemently. "Get me out of here quickly and back to my cell. I'm sick of the world—and women!"

Andrew Dickerson nodded. "You have every reason," he admitted, "but brace up *now*. The

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

HIT BACK

BY BENNY LEONARD

Undefeated Lightweight Champion of the World

IF FATE has jabbed you in the solar plexus—HIT BACK. If Nature has been unkind to you, has laid you low with sickness or cursed you with a frail, weak body—HIT BACK.

Are you content to lie down like a yellow dog and whimper, just because you were not born with a strong physique, with big muscles, broad chest, brawny limbs? Are you satisfied to go shuffling wearily to your work, with run-down, half-dead body? Are you willing to admit defeat—to allow your unfitness to keep you forever **down** and **out**, just struggling for a bare existence—scorned by your boss, a disgrace and a hindrance to your wife and family and shunned by society wherever you go? If you are, then you are doomed to misery and failure. You are destroying your chances for WEALTH, HAPPINESS, SUCCESS.

My message to you is—Snap out of it, old man, HIT BACK.

I can tell you of no better example of this reasoning than my own life. I was a skinny, frail youngster. They called me the "powder puff kid." But I didn't accept that as my fate. My climb to the highest rung of physical supremacy—**the championship of the world**—was begun the day I decided to HIT BACK.

From that day to this I haven't stopped **hitting back.**

And here is the way I've done it. By scientifically studying the human body and actually working out the theories with my very own body. I have perfected a method of physical development that has proven a real knock-out blow to friend Satan, the old boy who plans all our misfortunes and physical shortcomings.

Through my system I have licked every competitor in sight. So many people wrote and asked how they might use my methods—and so many did adopt them with such great success that I am now devoting practically all my time to spreading my invaluable lessons in muscle and body building to all the people I can possibly reach by letters.

If you want the very last word in physical culture, if you do not believe in old fogey ideas, if you wish to adopt the best methods **of this day, of 1925,** if you want to gain the love and respect of women, if you want to make good in your job and reach the top in whatever you hold nearest your heart—then there is only one way, my friend, and that is HIT BACK—HIT BACK like

Yours with a punch,

Benny Leonard

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ANDREW DICKERSON thrust two long arms into Eve's car, lifted the astonished girl out, and propelled her toward Bill Davis.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY]

jury are coming out. Don't let them see you looking like that or they'll draw their own conclusions, which, of course, will not approach the truth by a mile."

Gilbert, with an effort, composed his face again into the blank, unseeing, unrevealing mask he wore in the courtroom.

Andrew Dickerson drew a sigh of relief. So far, so good. He turned to the officer, who, returning, came toward him with his companion who had driven Gilbert to the courtroom.

"Beg pardon, Mr. Dickerson, but can you let us have a car, as you said? There's a part lost that we can't replace right away."

Andrew, looking through the doorway, nodded reassuringly. "Miss Hamilton's car hasn't gone yet," he told the man. "Tell her I need her car and she's to wait in my office for me."

The man hurried off, and the officer in charge of the prisoner moved nearer.

"I won't ride in Miss Hamilton's car unless I ride alone, Dickerson," Gilbert told him. "I won't have Eve Hamilton riding to jail with me."

"Neither will I," Andrew said, decidedly.

Glad to escape any further conversation with his client, he went striding down the walk to the Hamilton car, parked under one of the big trees at the edge of the square.

He nodded to Bill Davis, whose car was parked beside Eve's limousine. Bill was an old friend—one of the men Eve could always count on, and one of the few who still believed in Gilbert Eliot.

Eve was not getting out of the car. Glancing at her, Andrew Dickerson's whole face and manner changed and softened.

"I won't keep you long, Miss Hamilton," he said to her. "I want your car, though, to take Gilbert to jail. My own is at the house."

"Certainly," Eve told him, but she did not budge. "I'll ride with Gilly to the jail." She folded one long, shapely leg over the other and settled herself back in her comfortable corner.

Andrew Dickerson said nothing. He motioned to Bill Davis, who had been waiting to hear the outcome of Andrew's speech with Eve. Bill came hurtling out of his car and stood ready. Andrew Dickerson, just as Bill reached his side, thrust two long, powerful arms into Eve's car, fairly lifted the unprepared and astonished girl out of her seat, and propelled her toward Bill Davis. Bill's arms received and held her.

It was all done so quickly that, save for their own immediate group, it appeared that Dickerson had helped the girl out so clumsily that she had stumbled against Bill, who had grasped her to save her from falling.

"Take that girl to my office, will you, Bill?" Andrew said, evenly, as Bill relaxed his hold. "When you get there, stick around until I return."

Bill nodded, but Eve's cheeks flamed. It was the first time in her life that any man had calmly removed her from his path as he would have an inanimate object. Once seated in his office, she turned on Bill Davis:

"You could stand by and see me treated like that! You even helped him."

Under the circumstances, Bill decided it was best to say nothing, but to go into the outer office and smoke, which he proceeded with alacrity to do.

Eve safe, Andrew had signaled to the officer guarding Gilbert, and he came down the steps with his prisoner.

"All serene, Gilbert," Andrew told him, cheerfully. "Not a woman in sight, nor a reporter, which, in your case, is next worst. Try to get some sleep. I'll be around early tomorrow morning."

But he was not to escape. Gilbert's hand was on his sleeve.

"Get in, Dickerson," Gilbert said, calmly. "You can ride to the jail and back in five minutes, and whatever you have to do will wait that long. I've something to say to you that won't wait until tomorrow morning."

One glance at his face, showing, for the first time since Andrew Dickerson had been his counsel, an absolutely unshakable determination, convinced Andrew that it was useless to combat his wish. Hitherto Gilbert had seemed to him as one in a daze, only too ready to let others mold his fate. But here was a new Gilbert. It was the normal Gilbert, had Andrew but known it, who had been used to running his own life and meant to continue doing so. Andrew Dickerson stepped into the car and signaled to go on.

ANDREW'S return relieved Bill and released the clerk and the secretary from their labors.

"Don't wait any longer," he told them. "After I see Miss Hamilton to her car, I'm working here for the rest of the night, and won't want you until morning." He strode to his office.

Eve, sunk in his big chair, waited for him wearily. She was eager to go, and the face that she lifted to Andrew Dickerson was not lit by any smile of welcome. It was weary and very sad.

"Come, Miss Hamilton. We've no time to quarrel—and don't look the way the prosecuting attorney wants you to."

Eve smiled. "Forgive me, if I disgrace the defense. It's been a hard day, hasn't it?—and I haven't had enough sleep. I'll behave much better tomorrow," and then, quite without warning, the tears came to her eyes.

"I'm terribly ashamed," she apologized. "It's fatigue, not hopelessness, please believe."

"I do," Dickerson told her promptly. He pulled his own chair nearer. "Take off your hat and rest your head, if you like, and generally make yourself comfortable for the little while you are here. Don't have red eyes when you leave my office, for all the reporters have not gone. There was one in the waiting-room just now, and I told him I was delighted at the way the case is shaping, and so were you, although you refused to be interviewed."

"I do, indeed!" Eve said hastily, and, taking out her vanity case, adjusted her hat and lightly powdered her nose as she looked to see that there were no traces of her tears.

Andrew Dickerson, watching her, said: "Be-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

fore we say anything about today's testimony, I'd like to take up one minor matter. I can't have you at the jail every day. I wonder at your doing it."

Eve looked at him, indignant and astonished.

"Your going to jail's got to stop," he repeated. "It weakens the defense. Have you no common sense?"

"I'll stop," Eve promised.

Andrew gazed at her admiringly. She would, he knew, and it would be terribly difficult—for her.

"If it will help you any, Gilbert requests that you stay away. He's in a very bad way, Miss Hamilton. His mind is full of another woman, and when a man's in that state he has no use for a girl who——"

"Throws herself at him?" Eve rose. "You're blind, both you and Gilbert. I wanted to show you—and the world—that a decent woman can be loyal and still believe in Gilbert Eliot."

"Daresay you're right," Andrew admitted. "But in that case you would accomplish your purpose far better if you limited your visits to those made when I accompany you."

EVE put her hand on the cape she had discarded, and Andrew, taking it from her, held it.

"Mr. Dickerson, if Juliet Jackson comes on, as she hopes, tomorrow night, will you dine with me? It will give you an opportunity to talk to Juliet freely, and I shall be delighted."

"It is I who will be delighted," Andrew Dickerson told her, and meant it. As a matter of fact, he was absurdly pleased. This was the first time she had asked Andrew Dickerson to enter her house. For reasons of his own, though far from being a snob, Andrew Dickerson had waited eagerly to be asked to visit Hamilton House.

As he watched her go toward the door he was strongly tempted to let her go without telling her anything more, but he knew that if he did he would regret it. She must not learn it in court. She must know, for she was now the sole hope of the defense.

"One moment, Miss Hamilton. We, who have no secrets from each other about this case, may as well agree that it is in a bad way, and that Mrs. Fairlie makes a splendid witness for the other side. How are we going to get around her?"

"But Gilbert's testimony will prove, and so will mine, that——"

"Possibly," he interrupted quietly, "you may be able to show the court and jury a different aspect of things, but not Gilbert."

"What do you mean?"

"Gilbert Eliot refuses to testify in his own behalf."

Eve stared at him and grasped his desk to steady herself.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

"But—but he must! Why, that's practically admitting that he dare not!"

"He told me, not half an hour ago, that he would not."

They stood staring into each other's eyes. Andrew Dickerson shrugged his shoulders. "I ask you, what is there for me to do?"

Eve faced him. "You won't give him up?"

"*No,*" Andrew told her grimly, "though I have a sneaking feeling that Gilbert hoped I would. Face it with me, Miss Hamilton. For some reason of his own, Gilbert would be well pleased if I would give up the case now and let him go to—destruction—his own way."

III.

LYING awake in the great square front room of Hamilton House—for she had gone to bed immediately after dinner—Eve Hamilton thought of the horror of Doctor Charlie's swift and tragic passing; seeing once more the day when he had come to say good-by to her before he started on his motor trip to Connecticut to look after some property there.

Eve had been out in the famous garden at Hamilton House shouting directions to deaf old Bunn from the village, who was clipping the hedge around the kitchen garden. In order to make old Bunn hear it was necessary to get quite under his wide-brimmed straw hat and then shout in his ear.

Charlie had flung himself out of his car and came toward her, laughing:

"Eve, if I clip your hedge, will you come as far under my hat? If you will, I will."

Eve had laughed and told him gayly, using the country phrase, to "get along."

He had looked at her, smiling still, but a little sadly: "I am getting along. I'm forty today, Eve. Think of that, you who haven't reached your thirties yet."

Eve had laughed again and told him that old Bunn was seventy-two and still considered himself a young man.

"Somehow," Charlie had said, as they walked toward his car together, "I wish you wouldn't let me go alone, Eve. I have a curious feeling that when I come back it won't be the same. I—I need you to protect me," he had finished, half laughing, half in earnest. "Change your mind, Eve, and make this a honeymoon. God knows I've served for you faithfully enough and for more than seven years. I'll never be any younger. Say you'll come, my dear. It would be wonderful to ride down the old King's Road with you and know that you were never coming back to Willett's Bridge to be lonely any more."

"I'm not lonely, Charlie," Eve protested. "I'm never lonely at Hamilton House. I love it."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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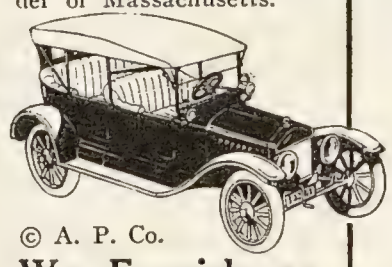

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Bad breath comes from so many causes that scarcely one person in fifty escapes it at one time or another.

Stomach disorders may cause it, or food fermenting between the teeth. Certain foods and drinks are peculiarly apt to cause it. Smoking is a chief offender.

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Never risk close contact with others, never go to a dance or theatre without taking the precaution of a May Breath tablet.

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[CONT'D FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

"So do I love Elmgrove Place, but what's a house without a woman in it? Here we live just a bare quarter of a mile apart, when we might have such a wonderful time together."

He had stopped speaking and put his hand on her shoulder and held her so, looking long at her. But Eve had sighed and shaken her head.

"I can't, Charlie; I can't."

And she spoke the truth, as she felt it. Not for Charlie would she lose her dream, which might be all she had—ever.

To her surprise, instead of arguing again, as Charlie had always done, he had suddenly stooped and kissed her.

"Then good-by, Eve," was all he said, and he had got into the car and driven away rapidly, without once looking back.

Eve remembered how, as the car went down the avenue of tall poplar trees, she had been seized with an almost irresistible impulse to call aloud, "Wait, Charlie; I'll go with you."

It seemed utterly selfish not to. What, after all, was she waiting for? Why not take Charlie as a handsome reality and forget the dream, which had been, after all, always and only a dream?

But she could not. Something held and prevented her. She had not called, and Charlie had truly said good-by to the old life and to her, for when he returned he was married to Laura.

The day that news reached her she had ridden over from the country club with Bill Davis and Dr. Gilbert Eliot. How they had planned that day for a rousing welcome to Charlie and his "Mrs. Charlie," and hoped fervently that she was the "right sort" and would make "no difference" between Charlie and his old pals.

YET, the moment Mrs. Charlie's dark eyes had rested on Gilbert Eliot he had been lost. He had forgotten Eve; he had forgotten Charlie and all he owed him; had forgotten friendship and decency and honor. Passion so swept him from his feet that he threw everything to the winds—career, friends, ambition, reputation—and Gilbert, the fastidious, was in the county jail with a terrible struggle ahead for his life, and Eve must cease her daily visits to the jail.

Eve flushed at the memory of how Andrew Dickerson had told her this. She could not break with Andrew, because of Gilbert Eliot's peril; yet, lying there, she longed, with a primitive and savage longing, to slap his face!

Who was this man Dickerson, anyway? She had never met him at any of the gay parties, or at the Hillsborough Country Club, where a small town set with money imitated to the best of their ability the social recklessness of the cities and their times. Eve remembered with a sigh how, until Laura Fairlie's arrival, she had laughed at it all with her "Three Guardsmen," as Doctor Charlie, Gilbert Eliot, and Bill Davis had been called.

What fun it had been! Her "Three Guardsmen" had been such splendid friends. How they had loved to shock Hillsborough and Willett's Bridge by the house parties they had given at Hamilton House, where Eve reigned supreme; at Elmgrove Place, Doctor Charlie's old home, where he and Doctor Gilbert had kept house together bachelor fashion, and at Davisfield, Bill Davis' house.

ONLY now did Eve realize how splendid had been that time while it lasted. She had known what she could do, backed by those three strong men, and had done it with impunity.

But now she stood defenseless. The bars were down for the whole world to look in and peer and point, conjecture and whisper. She was the principal witness in the Fairlie murder trial, and her privacy was gone.

Even a man she barely knew, like Andrew Dickerson, could openly criticize her now. She writhed mentally and physically upon her bed and wished that she had not gone to bed so early, for sleep seemed far from her.

The telephone beside her bed rang vehemently. Wide awake now, she reached for it. It was Elmgrove Place, and Mrs. Fairlie wanted to speak to her!

Eve's reaction was swift.

"Tell Mrs. Fairlie that she can have nothing to say to me that I wish to hear. If it has anything to do with the case, let her call Mr. Dickerson."

Before she could ring off, Laura Fairlie's voice broke in:

"It has nothing to do with the case. It is about the picture Doctor Charlie left you in his will. When will you send for it?"

"That also is a matter for my lawyer. Mr. Ethan Halsey has charge of all the Hamilton estate affairs."

"Yes, but I should like to have you remove it now—because——"

"The house was left to Gilbert Eliot. When he asks me to remove it, I will."

There was the beginning of another protest on Laura's part, but Eve, trembling with anger, hung up the receiver.

"An avalanche of scandal." That was what threatened to engulf aristocratic Eve Hamilton, sitting in a kind of frozen agony in the courtroom. You will find startling developments in this most absorbing of murder trial novels in the fourth installment, in next week's issue.

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I perfected my Restorer many years ago to get back the original color in my own gray hair. Since, hundreds of thousands of gray haired people have used it. It is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Nothing to wash or rub off. Application easy. Renewed color even and natural.

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Please send your patented Free Trial Outfit. X shows color of hair. Black.... dark brown.... medium brown.... auburn (dark red).... light brown.... light auburn (light red).... blonde....

Name .....

Street ..... City.....

THE Bridal Kitchen Shower

By Ethel M. Somers

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution, by writing her in care of Liberty, inclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

THE Bridal Kitchen Shower, always a source of delight as a party, may really prove a lifelong handicap rather than a boon to the bride-to-be. The modern kitchen should be an efficient workshop. If we are to help our guest of honor select her kitchen necessities we must consider, for we are making an investment for her permanent use. Buying just pans, or knives, or bowls does not suffice. We must buy her *tools!*

Just the right sort of tool for a definite use means lessened labor and increased efficiency. The skillful workman is known by his tools. The best of quality is none too good for him. He buys not on an original cost basis but judges the expenditure rather by the number of times the tool is to be used. He notices that the tool is well built and durable; that the handles turn without strain; that the table clamp grips; that it is easily cleaned, light to handle, and convenient to use; that it will justify in usage the storage space it requires. In other words, he buys only superior tools.

The long-accepted policy that a woman's work is never done is being blasted. Modern manufacturers are grasping the idea that efficient equipment and labor savers are the solution to many of the housewife's problems. It is up to the new housewife, or to you through your kitchen shower, to provide her kitchen with the best.

Nor need this be expensive! Such tools may be had at costs varying from ten cents to two dollars and fifty cents, and no purchase of any kitchen tool is warranted unless it is the best and most efficient for its purpose.

Serving a selection from the accompanying menu suggestions, which are both light and seasonable for June days, will give exactly the touch required to make the afternoon's festivities complete.

All set for the shower—with a kitchen cabinet, the gifts of cooking utensils below, and the food storage space above occupied by the bride and groom in miniature, embarking upon the rough sea of matrimony!

Menu for Bridal Kitchen Shower

FRUIT OR WALDORF SALAD

ICED BEVERAGE SANDWICHES

Fruit Salad

½ cup strawberries, sliced
1 cup diced pineapple
2 tablespoons shredded, blanched almonds (or ½ cup chopped marshmallows)
1 orange, diced
1 cup whipped cream
¼ cup salad dressing (boiled or mayonnaise)
1 tablespoon lemon juice
Chilled lettuce leaves

CHILL the fruit thoroughly. Cut it neatly and in large enough pieces so as not to make the mixture pasty. Combine the ingredients by mixing lightly and serve on a bed of chilled lettuce. Garnish with a whole strawberry.

Waldorf Salad

1½ cups cubed apple
1 cup sliced celery
1 cup walnut meats, sliced
1 tablespoon lemon juice
⅓ cup mayonnaise
½ to 1 cup whipped cream

PARE the apples unless they are of a very tender skin variety. Dice them and sprinkle with lemon juice to prevent discoloration. Add the celery and nuts. Mix the mayonnaise and whipped cream. Combine the two mixtures. Chill and serve.

Fruited Iced Tea

FILL tall individual glasses one-third full of shaved ice or almost full of cracked ice. Add one tablespoon of lemon or orange juice to each glass and then fill with hot, freshly made orange pekoe tea which has been prepared by pouring freshly boiling water on the tea (one cup to one or two teaspoons orange pekoe tea). Cover and let stand three to five minutes where it will keep warm (tea should never be boiled). Strain from the leaves at once, as standing on the leaves produces a bitter flavor due to the extraction of tannin. Serve with thinly sliced lemon or orange, and powdered sugar.

MINT ICED TEA may be made by adding two teaspoons washed mint leaves to every teaspoon of tea used, before the boiling water is poured onto it. Garnish with a sprig of mint before serving.

ICED COCOA may be made by pouring freshly made cocoa into a tall glass one-third full of cracked ice. Add one tablespoon whipped cream. The cocoa may be prepared by mixing two teaspoons cocoa and two tablespoons cold water per serving to be made. Cook these to a smooth paste (about two minutes). Add one cup hot milk. Cook over water five to ten minutes.

ICED COFFEE may be made by filling a tall glass one-half full of chipped ice. Add two tablespoons cream and pour in the freshly made hot coffee, dripped, steeped, or percolated. Garnish with one tablespoon whipped cream.

LEMONADE may be made by filling a tall glass one-half full of cracked ice. Add one cup cold water, one and one-half to two tablespoons lemon juice, and one-half cup thin sugar sirup (made by boiling one-half cup water, two tablespoons sugar and rind of one-half lemon, together).

FRUITADE may be made by filling a tall glass one-half full of cracked ice and adding one tablespoon lemon juice, one tablespoon lime juice, one tablespoon powdered sugar, two tablespoons grape juice, two-thirds cup gingerale.

PINEAPPLEADE may be made by filling tall glasses one-third full of crushed ice, adding one-fourth cup diced pineapple (the fresh fruit is to be preferred), one tablespoon powdered sugar, one-half tablespoon lemon juice, and cold water to fill. (If canned fruit is used, do not add any sugar.)

FRUIT PUNCH (Plain) may be made by filling tall glasses one-third full of crushed ice, adding one cup water, one-third cup powdered sugar, one-third cup chopped pineapple, one and one-half tablespoons lemon juice, and one-sixth cup orange juice.

Chocolate Sandwiches

¼ cup butter
¾ cup confectioners' sugar
2 ounces chocolate, melted
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon vanilla

MIX the ingredients thoroughly and spread on white bread or between lady fingers or slightly sweetened crackers.

Date Sandwiches

1 cup minced dates
1 tablespoon orange juice
¼ cup minced nuts
2 tablespoons jelly
Brown bread

MIX the fruit, fruit juice, jelly, and nuts thoroughly. Spread on buttered rounds of brown bread.

Raisin Sandwiches

1 cup chopped raisins
3 tablespoons mayonnaise
¼ cup whipped cream

MIX the filling thoroughly and spread on buttered entire wheat or Graham bread.

RIBBON SANDWICHES may be made by alternating slices of white and Graham or entire wheat bread which have been lightly spread with butter and softened cream cheese with which an equal quantity of whipped cream has been mixed. Pile seven slices together and press under a seven-pound weight three hours before slicing. Slice across so that each sandwich is made of strips of bread. These ribbon sandwiches may be spread and joined again, pressed, and recut, producing cross-word puzzle or checkerboard sandwiches.

5¢ **Liberty** *A Weekly for Everybody*

Will Pay

$1,000 Each Week

For Titles to Liberty Covers

HERE'S another new and exciting contest! Suggest a title for the picture on the cover. Everybody can. For the best suggestions Liberty will pay $1,000 in eight big cash prizes. Eight big prizes (instead of one) makes it more fun, and gives everybody more of a chance. The contest opened last week, as you probably know. But you can enter any time you wish and submit as many titles as you choose—this week, next week, and every week! It makes no difference where you live or whether you're a man, woman, boy, or girl.

The judges are hard at work considering titles suggested for last week's radio cover. The winners will be announced in Liberty at the earliest possible date. Meanwhile, let's see what you can make of this week's cover, and remember, there will be . . . **$1,000 More Next Week!**

Coupon for Cover Title Contest

"COVERS," No. 2
Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois.

My suggestion for a title for the Liberty cover of June 13th is:.....

.....

WRITE YOUR TITLE HERE

(On another sheet of paper write not more than 100 words telling why you like or do not like this cover. Attach to this coupon and mail it.)

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

Here Are the Rules

1. Each week Liberty is printing on its cover a picture without a name. (See cover of this issue.) Each picture will be by a celebrated artist and will tell a story. The public is invited to suggest titles for these cover pictures. Liberty will pay $1,000 in cash each week for the best answers.

2. Eight cash prizes will be paid each week as follows:

1st Prize	$ 500.00
2nd Prize	250.00
3rd Prize	100.00
4th Prize	50.00
5th to 8th Prizes—$25.00 each	100.00
TOTAL	$1,000.00

3. This contest is open to every man, woman, boy, and girl, except employees of Liberty and their families.

4. Each entry must contain the following:
(a) A title suggestion in ten words or less.
(b) A statement in not more than 100 words telling why you like, or do not like, the cover picture.

5. Contestants may submit as many titles as they wish on the accompanying coupon or on a separate sheet of paper.

6. All entries for this week's contest must be sent to "Covers," care of Liberty, Post-office Box 1123, Chicago, Illinois, and must be in this office by midnight of June 20. No entries will be returned. The winners will be announced in Liberty as soon thereafter as possible.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department.

8. Originality of thought, cleverness of idea, clearness of expression, neatness and form will count. Entries will be judged first by the title suggestion submitted, and second by the reason for liking or disliking the cover picture.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty and their decision will be final. If more than one contestant submits the same title suggestion and reasons for liking or disliking the cover, and if such entries are submitted in an equally clear, concise and neat form, a duplicate award will be paid to each such tying contestant.

Measuring Your Mind

Here Are Two More Easy Tests to Help You Estimate Your Brain Power

You will need a wide-awake brain to get a high grade on this week's mental teaser. This is the second installment of tests that Liberty has printed for your amusement and edification. Have you found out all there is to know about your mind? If you haven't, get out a pencil and a watch and tackle this quiz. Be sure you don't overstep the time limit, for it is part of the test to see if your brain can work quickly.

INFORMATION RANGE TEST

In this test each sentence is completed with several words. Only one of these words is correct. Underline the word you think fits in with the meaning of the sentence. You are allowed two minutes to complete this test.

1. A Holstein is a kind of hat, airplane, cow, food.
2. A vacuum sweeper is used by an artist, carpenter, sailor, housewife.
3. A sapphire is red, blue, gray, green.
4. Milwaukee was once noted for furs, fishing, farming, beer.
5. Wellesley is a school for girls, dentists, actresses, children.
6. Two o'clock A. M. is in the morning, afternoon, evening, twilight.
7. The Grand Canyon is in Arizona, Nevada, Oklahoma, California.
8. A tapir is a kind of tape measure, animal, furniture, cracker.
9. The animal that sticks its head in the ground to hide itself is an emu, elephant, ostrich, kangaroo.
10. Piquet is a kind of embroidery game, dance, horse.

NUMBER RELATIONS TEST

This test is designed to try out your ability with figures. A number of sequences are given. At the end of each sequence there is a blank space. Put in this blank space the figure that completes the sequence to this point. Read the numbers carefully to get the sequence. Two minutes are given for this test.

A.	5	10	15	20	25	30	F.	50	1	60	2	70	3
B.	3	1	4	2	5	3	G.	29	28	46	45	54	53
C.	6	3	9	6	12	9	H.	2	5	8	11	14	17
D.	16	14	12	10	8	106	I.	101	91	81	71	61	51
E.	1	3	5	7	9	11	J.	63	60	57	54	51	48

Look on page 42 for the answers to these quizzes and instructions for grading yourself. Do you think you can go to the head of the class?

Styles Gay, *but* Simple, *in* Paris *and* Over Here

By MARY BRUSH WILLIAMS

BEACH SUIT of gayly printed cretonne, with the usual bindings in plain colors, and flowers in orange and yellow.

THE young lady sitting on the trunk is headed for Europe, presumably, with the wardrobe which we see about her. Dear knows what she will bring back in that trunk. I hope she can persuade the customs authorities that it isn't much.

A letter from my friend, who laughs when I call her my Paris correspondent, writes that a deeper shade of pink is getting more fashionable than the one in rose petal which we have been wearing in kasha coats.

But the silhouette is always what is most exciting—and with the waistline mounting, as it is! Of course, the change invariably shows first in street things, and the evening dresses are the last to go. They sometimes even maintain silhouettes of their own.

My friend says Martial et Armand have a dress which they call Champagne Bottle, because the silhouette is the same as the champagne bottle's, if you haven't forgotten what that is. This dress is slim at the top and the spread begins at the waistline. She adds the fullness is all in front. I don't recall any anywhere in the champagne bottle.

Yteb has a lovely evening dress in shaded brown brocade, with ruffles of all shades of brown, in maline, starting nearly at the waistline on one side and running diagonally down the skirt on the other side.

My correspondent writes that plain georgette is smart when combined with figured and that georgette coats are everywhere. This must mean that georgette dresses accompany them, and, indeed, she sent me a sample, which I thought must be for a lamp shade, so pink and flowered and decorative it was.

THE dress is of white and dark blue foulard, with bands of dark blue, round neck, side pieces, and collar. There is knife plaiting down the front of the skirt.

TUNIC of dark rose and white printed silk, with white bands at bottom, sleeves, and jabot.

But the French meant it for a dress, and it was accompanied by the solid, dark pink that was to cover it in a wrap. Thus a new note is struck! The beginning of smooth materials like kasha, the end of matching! But as yet everything must match, even to the umbrella, except gloves and hosiery.

Meantime, at home we call it a simple summer, and let it go at that. The jabot is its emblem, flying everywhere. Up the sides of skirts it runs and down a single side of blouses, and even widely circling backs, as the illustrations show. Unlike our national emblem, which now conceals, now discloses, this one is identified with a faction which glorifies only the latter movement.

Skirts are high and going higher, sleeves decline to stay long, necks if pulled up in front, go scrambling half way down the back when they get an opportunity. A yard or two of printed material with plain; a flash of something with a shiny finish alongside something dull, and that is about all there is to it.

What does one do who has a little something to conceal, such as a silhouette which protrudes a bit here and there? No Victorian bows to squash over the spot and hide it!

The lady in the bathing suit hasn't joined any movement for concealing the figure. Of course, that is a beach suit (in printed cretonne), and I doubt whether it ever gets very near the water either in this country or at Deauville.

The girl on the trunk has her costume in kasha for travel, but it is awfully pretty in pearl colored linen, and the figured part in a pattern of chintz of soft blues and purples.

THE plain material is dark blue, and rather smooth, like serge, which may replace the rougher kasha. The dress is also something smooth and flowered.

New Patterns *for* Modish Summer Apparel

FOR ANY PATTERN ON THIS PAGE SEND TEN CENTS

By PATRICIA

SUMMER wardrobes sometimes seem inadequate when the really warm days begin. Fortunately there is a delightful remedy for this need. Not only women with deft fingers but even amateur sewing folk find it easy to make charming summer frocks with the aid of these patterns.

A decidedly modish design is pattern No. 2409. Violet or fuchsia georgette, combined with soft ecru lace, would be lovely for this pattern, which comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, and 44 inches bust measure. Chiffon, crepe de Chine, voile, or handkerchief linen would also be suitable materials. In the 36-inch size 3 yards of 36-inch material for dress, with 2½ yards of 4½-inch lace, are required.

An afternoon gown developed in blonde georgette, with godets in lace of the same shade and a brown crepe silk tie, is expressed in pattern No. 2404. This pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 2⅞ yards of 40-inch material, with 2¼ yards of 2-inch ribbon and 5¾ yards of 5-inch lace, are required.

The sports frock of silk broadcloth designed for pattern No. 2407 flaunts gay stripes in yellow, orange, and brown on a tan ground, with rever collar, cuffs, slot pockets, and vestee of plain tan silk crepe. Flannel, kashmir, or flat crepe would also be charming for this design. Patterns cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, with ⅞ yard of 27-inch contrasting, are required.

Youthful swagger cashmere in soft gray, combined with lovely pastel tint of blue, interprets the frock in pattern No. 2120. Flat crepe, tub silk, or striped cotton broadcloth would also be lovely materials to use for this style. Patterns cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material, with ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting, are required.

A suspender dress fashioned of white mohair trimmed with bright green introduces an embroidered band on waist and sleeves of blouse in green, tan, and black and has a bow of narrow green silk ribbon. Striped flannel, striped silk broadcloth, crepe de Chine, or striped cotton broadcloth is also suggested. Pattern No. 2416 cuts in sizes 14, 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. In the 36-inch size 2¾ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, with 2 yards of 36-inch material for the separate blouse, are required.

Order Blank for Patricia Patterns

PATRICIA PATTERNS

P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City

Inclosed find ..... cents. Please send me the Patricia Patterns listed below:

Pattern Number	Size	Price
.....		
.....		
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NAME.....

STREET.....

CITY.....STATE.....

HOW TO ORDER PATRICIA PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on dotted lines, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Inclose 10 cents in stamps or coin (coin preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Patricia Patterns, P. O. Box 339, City Hall Station, New York City.

NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

"Representation based upon population does not seem reasonable. Take two communities, each with a population of one hundred thousand. One has a foreign population of fifty per cent. Should the citizens living in that community receive twice the representation accorded voters in a community of American citizens?"

Will the Cities Revolt?

A Revelation of a Strange Development in American Politics Which Threatens Sinister Consequences

By ARTHUR SEARS HENNING

Picture by J. NORMAN LYND

IN three previous articles the author has shown that while the proportion of city to country population has altered greatly in the last few decades, in most States there has been no corresponding reapportionment of seats in the Legislature. Although this is slowly, but surely, disfranchising city voters in State affairs, the rural majorities in many States assert their intention of keeping matters as they are, on the ground that city voters are a corrupting influence in State affairs. The cities naturally are growing more bitter every year over this discrimination, and since we have had armed revolts in the past over this situation, it is entirely possible that we may have them again. In this article, the last of the series, Mr. Henning points out what he believes to be a solution which will please city and country alike, and allay the present ominous tension before it produces open conflict.

OLD SARUM has always been a romantic and colorful spot. For the benefit of those who have not previously made its acquaintance, it may be vouchsafed that it is a ruinous place, situated about seventy-five miles, as a crow flies, southwest from London.

Few citadels of ancient times can boast of having seen more arms unleashed, or barbarous panoply displayed, or—for that matter—of having been sprinkled more liberally in gore.

Its original ramparts were erected probably by the Romans, a hundred years or so after Julius Cæsar rowed up the Thames and discovered what has since become the British capital—then a muddy and otherwise forbidding village. The legions of the Emperor Claudius used Old Sarum as a stronghold. Its walls were fought over by the Picts and the Scots, and by the Angles, the Jutes, and the Saxons, some fifteen hundred years ago.

It is not within the purview of these hasty remarks to trace the career of Old Sarum in its entirety. To further stress its antiquity, however, it is important to record that William the Conqueror, who was a personage who sanctioned little interference with his plans, assembled all his barons there, in 1086, to reaffirm their loyalty. Thus was Old Sarum brought to the height of its distinctions.

But decay set in. Old Sarum's cathedral, where the Conqueror, in his softer moments, was accustomed to ease the burdens of his soul, was moved, in 1220, to Salisbury; and most of Old Sarum's population followed after. So, at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century, the hoary spot was almost destitute of inhabitants.

We are not concerned, in this article, with the great antiquity, nor yet the picturesqueness, of the place. Old Sarum is important to our purposes because, some two hundred and thirty years after moss began to gather in its paving stones, our serious British cousins staged a "revolt of the cities" all their own.

By that time Old Sarum had neither a house nor an inhabitant, yet it regularly sent two members to the Parliament!

Old Sarum, it seems, enjoyed this right because it was a "borough"—which was (and is) an incorporated British municipality, having the right to elect one or more members to the House of Commons.

In 1832 the general "borough" situation got acutely on the British nerves. Some boroughs, once populous, had been reduced by a shifting of the population to mere spots upon the map. Meanwhile, growing industrial centers had achieved no representation in Parliament at all. Whereupon the reformers, in 1832, raised Old Sarum from its historic obscurity and paraded it as a horrible example.

Their cry was, "Rotten boroughs!" and they made it resound over the land. Much good was accomplished: "rotten boroughs" were wiped out in the Reform Bill of that year. But a mature and dispassionate survey of the reformers' preliminary activities suggests that they might have done better than to drag Old Sarum in the mire. For Old Sarum passed from the possession of William the Conqueror eventually into the possession of the family of William Pitt, who, while premier of Great Britain, sent Wolfe to Canada and won that vast empire for the crown. And Old Sarum, at the Pitt family's earnest solicitation, had elected Pitt to the House of Commons, and thus had given the great statesman his start.

But the public has a notoriously short memory for such favors.

It is, perhaps, no more remarkable that the "rotten borough" crusaders of 1832 should have ignored Old Sarum's contribution of Pitt than that the present protagonists of the cities' cause should give scant attention to the legislative benefactions which the rural communities pretend to have bestowed.

The cities' demand is for legislative repre-

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

AT A COOL AND CHEERFUL PLACE
You'll find a wonderful girl in a real American pose ~ at the soda fountain ~~ When thirsty, remember her.

RE-FRESH YOURSELF! FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-NINE]

sentation in proportion to their populations. The counter of the countrysides—to the effect that political probity is best served by preserving the *status quo*—falls on ears which have been generously stuffed with cotton.

Will the cities revolt? It is, of course, hard to say. We have become accustomed to settle our internal difficulties by recourse to the courts; and so the possibility of an armed insurrection appears remote.

An innovation in representation, of which more is likely to be heard, if it should commend itself to other States, has been introduced by Massachusetts. In that commonwealth henceforth representation in the Legislature is to be based, not on population, but on the number of legally registered voters.

That practice will operate to limit the representation of Boston and the mill centers, having a large percentage of aliens. It also meets in part the rural objections to allowing cities the representation to which population entitles them—the rural statesmen being wont to justify the arbitrary restriction of the representation of large cities with the calculation that, if urban aliens be excluded from the equation, there is a fair equality between city and country in the Legislature.

"EACH town and ward," says Benjamin Loring Young, speaker of the Massachusetts House, "will hereafter be represented in the Senate and House in accordance, not with population, which may include many aliens and transient residents, but with the sworn list of registered voters. Those districts where the citizens accept the responsibility and exercise the privilege of citizenship will have more representatives than those communities where the citizens, though legally entitled to vote, do not bother even to register as voters.

"The theory of representation based on population does not seem reasonable. Take the case of two communities, each with a population of one hundred thousand. One of them has a foreign population of fifty per cent. Why should the citizens living in that community receive twice the representation in the State government which is accorded to the voters who live in a community consisting entirely of American citizens?"

It has not been the purpose of this series of articles to take sides. It has been, rather, to point out that a serious problem remains to be solved. History offers sufficient precedents to reveal that a revolt of the cities is not entirely outside the pale of the possible. But mutual conciliation seems by far the better—and, indeed, necessary—course.

THE END

And again the alibi failed

LATE again! For the third time this week she has had to keep dinner hot so long that it isn't fit to eat. And while he really was working, he has a hopeless feeling that the alibi isn't going over.

Even a box of candy won't convince her that there is any reason why he should be the *only* man to work overtime.

Some day they are going to wake up to the fact that a Corona at home would enable him to leave the office on time and finish up his work after dinner. The newest Corona has the same keyboard as the big machines in his office.

Corona Four costs only $60. Easy terms if desired. Look for Corona in your phone book or write Corona Typewriter Co., Inc., 168 Main St., Groton, N. Y.

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Always a FRESH Esterbrook

Everybody Likes Excitement!

So Here's a Little More of It in Connection with

5¢ Liberty's
A Weekly for Everybody

$50,000 Prize Story Contest

$1.00 a Word for 100 Words!

JUST for the sake of keeping everybody happy and full of pep, while the judges in Liberty's Greatest Contest are reading and passing upon the thousands of manuscripts which have been received, Liberty will pay

$100.00 a Week

for the best letter which you, or some other reader, send in, describing what kind of a story you like best to read in a magazine or see as a movie.

All you have to do is to put a little cross in the coupon indicating what kind of a story you like best and then tell briefly (in not more than one hundred words) on a separate sheet of paper why you like that kind of story.

Everybody is eligible to compete—men, women, and children.

Although thousands of persons submitted manuscripts in our big $50,000 competition, there were some who couldn't. We know that everyone will want to read the $50,000 Prize Story, when it is published, and we have a hunch in the back part of our heads that a good many of you have a definite idea of the kind of a story you would like it to be.

So here's your chance!

$1.00 a Word for 100 Words!

That's more than most of our best authors get!

If you would rather tell us what kind of a story you do not like than what kind of a story you do like that will be all right, too. Just follow the same procedure, marking the ballot and stating your reasons on a separate sheet of paper.

Liberty doesn't want anyone left out in the cold!

Make our postman look like Santa Claus!

Be Sure to Read This Notice

You can vote for (or against) a different type of story every week, but you can only vote for (or against) one kind of story in any one week. Most of us like—or dislike—several kinds of stories. Enter as many of the weekly contests as you want to. We hope you will enter quite a few. All ballots of this week's contest must be in Liberty's Chicago office by midnight, June 20.

You can use the ballot at the right, or in place of putting a cross on the ballot and cutting it out of the magazine, you can write at the top of the separate sheet of paper, on which you write your opinion, what kind of story you are voting for (or against)—like this: "I am voting for Stories of Young Love."

Another $100 Next Week

Liberty's $50,000 Prize Story

BALLOT No. 1

NOTE:

Tear out this ballot, place a cross opposite the type of story you do (or do not) like, and tell why you do (or do not) like it, in not more than one hundred words, on a separate sheet of paper. Send to "BALLOTS," *Care of Liberty,* Post Office Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

$100.00 WILL BE PAID EACH WEEK FOR THE BEST ANSWER

- ☐ *Stories of Young Love*
- ☐ *Mystery Stories*
- ☐ *Adventure Stories*
- ☐ *Sea Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Small-Town Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Tropics*
- ☐ *Stories of the North Woods*
- ☐ *Stories of the Orient*
- ☐ *Detective Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of the Early West*
- ☐ *War Stories*
- ☐ *Historical Stories*
- ☐ *Humorous Stories*
- ☐ *Business Stories*
- ☐ *Stories of Married Life*
- ☐ *Stories of the Sports*

NAME .....

STREET ADDRESS .....

CITY..... STATE.....

(Issue of June 13)

Bright Sayings *of* Children

This Weekly will pay $5 for every published letter describing the bright sayings of a child. Address the "Bright Sayings Editor," Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago.

Either a Rattlesnake or a Caterpillar

Martha's big brother had just returned from the mountains and had been telling her of the rattlesnakes he had found. A few days later she came running into the house and exclaimed breathlessly, "Oh, mamma, I just killed a rattlesnake out in the back yard!"

"Oh, I can't believe you," returned her mother, and went back to her work.

"Well," and Martha's face had a puzzled, doubtful look, "then it must have been a caterpillar!"—M. S., Fresno, Calif.

* * *

We'll Say He Was Right!

I have always been in the habit of putting on my three-year-old son's shoes. One morning he begged me to let him put his own shoes on. After he put them on and had them all laced he came up to me and wanted me to approve his act.

I exclaimed, "Why, Bobby, you have your shoes on the wrong feet."

"But mother, dear, these are the only feet I have," he answered.—B. A., Minneapolis, Minn.

As Good as a Burglar Alarm

Aunt Florence, who was visiting at the home of six-year-old Betty, had been assigned to sleep in Betty's room.

When she came to bed, a considerable length of time after Betty had retired, she plunged almost headlong over a broom handle that had been placed between Betty's bed and the door. A chair was pushed over and the door slammed in the confusion.

"I just wanted to be sure I'd wake up when you came to bed," said Betty, delightedly, when she awoke at the noise.—M. McK., Cleveland, O.

* * *

From Ice-Bound Alaska

My small son was attending his first party last summer so, naturally, I was telling him how he must thank his hostess upon leaving for the pleasant time he had enjoyed. When he came home I said, "Billy, did you remember to thank Mrs. Johnson?" and this was his reply:

"Mother, I just couldn't remember, so I just said, 'Merry Christmas, Mrs. Johnson.'"—W. R. S., Haines, Alaska.

$500 for Limericks

Prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of May 9 have been awarded to the contestants whose names appear below. The Limerick read as follows:

A husband, hen-pecked all his life,
Said in anger one day to his wife,
You're now going to learn
That a worm's apt to turn

. . . . . .

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

"Yes, the wringer!" said his storm-and-strife.

Written by CHARLES C. ESSLINGER, 108 S. Jefferson St., Dayton, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

Then he ducked, for she threw a mean knife.

Written by G. HERBERT KNIGHT, 1110 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

But that worm sure got "hooked" in the strife.

Written by WILLIAM E. SHARP, Dowell (Jackson County), Ill.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

For I've dried my last spoon, fork, and knife.

Written by HERBERT GAY SISSON, 605 Cambridge Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Your chin music's shrill as a fife.

Written by KATHLEEN McCARTY, Box 911, Birmingham, Ala.

Measuring Your Mind

Here Are the Answers and Grades for the Tests on Page 36

INFORMATION RANGE TEST

In this test ten sentences were completed with several words. Only one of these words was correct. These are the words you should have underlined:

1, Cow; 2, Housewife; 3, Blue; 4, Beer; 5, Girls; 6, Morning; 7, Arizona; 8, Animal; 9, Ostrich; 10, Game.

NUMBER RELATIONS TEST

In this test you were to complete the sequences given. The answers should be:

A, 30; B, 3; C, 9; D, 6; E, 11; F, 3; G, 53; H, 17; I, 51; J, 48.

GRADES FOR BOTH TESTS

10 to 9 correct answers..Excellent
8 to 6 correct answers..Good
5 to 4 correct answers..Average
4 to 3 correct answers..Below av.
2 to 0 correct answers..Poor

Be sure you watch for the Measuring-Your-Mind quizzes in next week's Liberty. They will explore other phases of your mentality.

7 Days' Cruise on 4 Great Lakes and Georgian Bay

A sight-seeing De Luxe trip of over 2000 miles on **Lakes Michigan, Huron, St. Claire, Erie and Georgian Bay (30,000 Islands)**—stopping at all points of interest—historic **Machinac Island**, the quaint **Canadian village of Parry Sound, Detroit, Cleveland**, with **a full day at Buffalo (Niagara Falls)**—a chance to gaze in wonder at the world's Greatest Cataract.

$74.50 Meals and Berth Included

The Great Oil-Burning White Liners
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Three Troupers Who Double in Celluloid

Captions by ALVA TAYLOR

Melbourne-Spurr Photo

NOT EVERYONE has the ability or talent to double in screen and stage work, but here are three young ladies who find all their time occupied doing just that. Pauline Frederick (above), at home equally on the boards or under the Cooper Hewitt lights, was last seen in Smouldering Fires.

Nickolas Muray Photo

A THIRD accomplishment is part of Madge Kennedy's talent. That able young lady (above), a screen and stage star, is a musical comedy prima donna as well. And whatever she appears in, everybody loves Madge. Her latest screen appearance was In Bad Company.

Strauss Peyton Photo

FIRST THE MOVIES said they wouldn't, then they said they would. The cinema would have none of Marion Haslup (left) and so she made a success on the stage. Then the movies yelled for her. She has a two-year contract with Associated Exhibitors.

A Page of Movie Reviews

By ALVA TAYLOR

A scene from *Madame Sans Gene.*

Earl Schenck and Mae Marsh in *Tides of Passion.*

Constance Bennett

Jack Pickford and Nazimova in *My Son.*

MADAME SANS GENE

From the Play by Sardou and Moreau

Directed by L. Perret A Paramount Picture

THE CAST:

Catherine Hubscher (Madame Sans Gene)	*Gloria Swanson*
Napoleon	*Emile Drain*
Lefebre	*Charles de Roche*
La Roussotte	*Madeline Guitty*
Neipperg	*Warwick Ward*
Fouche	*Henry Favieres*
Caroline, Queen of Naples	*Arlette Marchal*
Eliza, Princess of Bacciochi	*Renee Heribelle*

Gloria Swanson as Madame Sans Gene.

GLORIA SWANSON brought back with her from France not only a marquis as a husband but Madame Sans Gene, the most ambitious and elaborate moving picture that she has ever made. Ever since Manhandled, Miss Swanson's admirers have been looking for new Glorias. For what the public in general thought was only an extremely fascinating and beautiful woman, always exquisitely gowned, wearing her hair in all sorts of interesting manners, suddenly proved herself an actress of no mean abilities. In Madame Sans Gene she proves it with a vengeance.

Emile Drain as Napoleon.

As Catherine Hubscher, the laundress who did Napoleon's wash when he was too poor and obscure to pay his bills, and who later became a duchess, with little idea of the etiquette and decorum demanded of her in the salons of Napoleon the Emperor, Gloria is given ample opportunity to show the dramatic stuff of which she is made. Her conception of the part is full of a marked comedy spirit which is extremely refreshing and delightful.

The picture is all that can be desired. The photography is excellent. There is a splendid cast, gathered, with the exception of the star and one Englishman, from the talent of France.

Gloria carries Madame Sans Gene along on her small shoulders, and makes of it a movie that you will, of course, go to see.

MY SON

From the Play by Martha Stanley

Directed by E. Carewe A First National Picture

THE CAST:

Ana Silva	*Nazimova*
Tony	*Jack Pickford*
Ellery Parker	*Hobart Bosworth*
Felipe Varas	*Ian Keith*
Rosa Pina	*Mary Akin*
Capt. Joe Bamby	*Charles A. Murray*
Betty Smith	*Constance Bennett*
Hattie Smith	*Dot Farley*

EVEN if you found nothing else to interest you in My Son, which seems hardly possible, as the picture is full of charm and drama, you will be interested to watch the work of Nazimova—an entirely different Nazimova from the one you have seen in past performances. There are no Nazimova mannerisms, no poutings, no little wiggles of the head, no unnecessary posings, and only a few closeups.

You'll see a straightforward Nazimova, depending only upon her unquestioned ability as an actress to make a telling and vivid characterization of Ana Silva, the New England Portuguese shopkeeper, mother of Tony. It is a fine piece of work, from this more subdued Nazimova. And it is ably supported by Jack Pickford, who as Tony Silva, gives one of the most worthwhile performances I have seen from him.

Tony gets into trouble, but Ana Silva finds a way to make a man of him. The picture is directed with skill, and well photographed. It is by all means one you should see.

TIDES of PASSION

From the Novel, In the Garden of Charity, By Basil King

Directed by J. Stuart Blackton Vitagraph Picture

THE CAST:

Charity	*Mae Marsh*
William Pennland	*Ben Hendricks*
Hagar	*Laska Winter*
Jonas	*Earl Schenck*
Alick	*Ivor McFadden*
Michael	*Thomas Mills*

CHARITY'S garden on the Nova Scotia coast overlooked the sea. Charity lived all alone. Jonas loved her, but Charity married William Pennland, a soldier. The soldier went away and left his young wife for nine years—long enough to make her a widow, if she wanted to marry again. But Charity waited in her garden on the edge of the sea, and Jonas waited, too. William came back, finally, but he had another wife with him. There's plenty of drama in this, and everything works out for the best in a well-contrived ending. The picture seems a bit long in some parts, but on the whole it's good stuff, and gives one an opportunity to see pretty Mae Marsh.

NEXT WEEK *Miss Taylor will review Playing with Souls, a First National Picture; The Crowded Hour, by Paramount; Chickie, a First National Picture, and The Wings of Youth, produced by Fox.*

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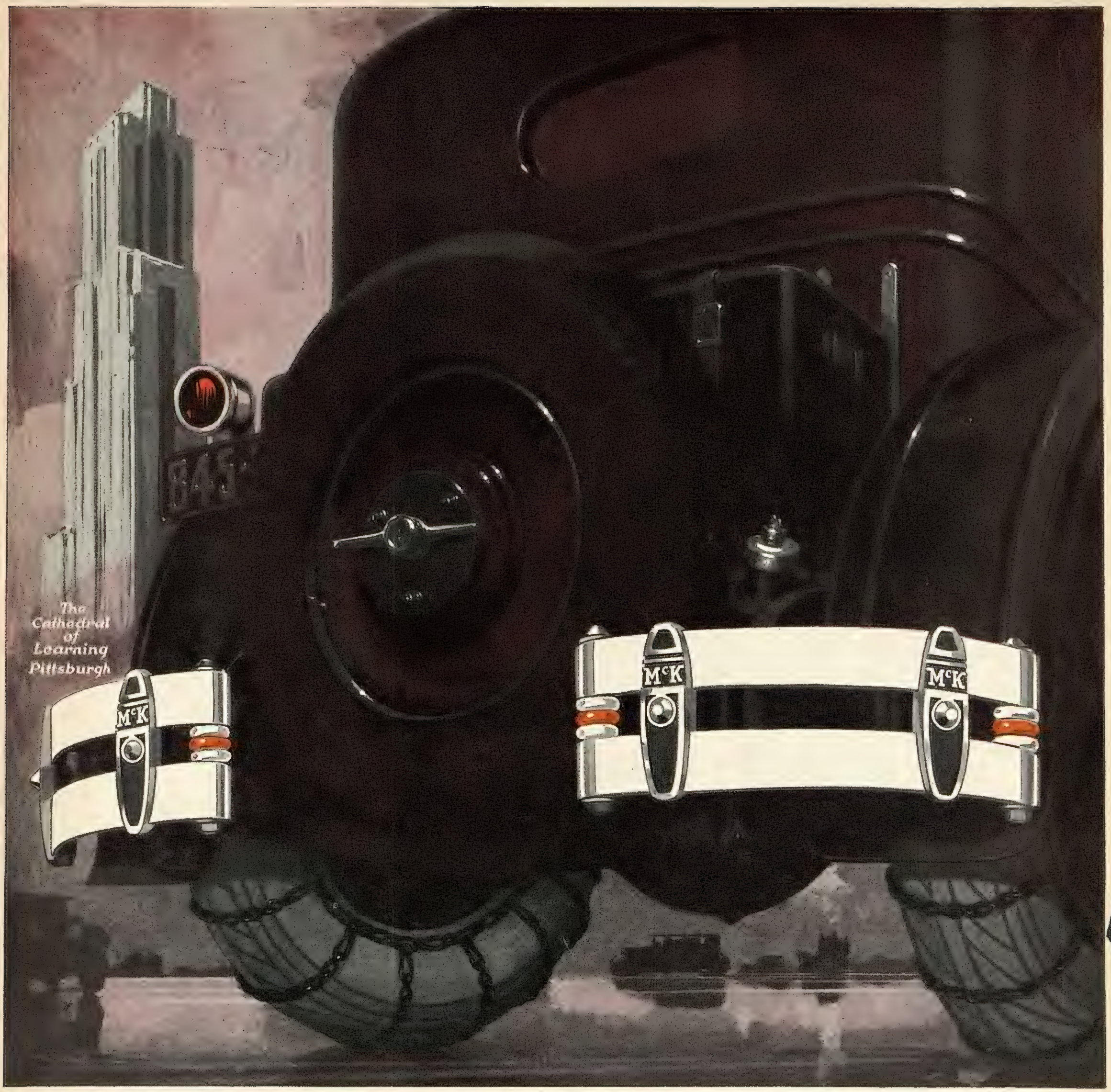

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The McMaster of His FATE

A Short Story Which Reminds Us That It's a Wise Man Who Knows His Own Wife—at a Masquerade

By VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE

Pictures by ALICE HARVEY

"DON'T forget," said Chloe Dale McMaster, as she rang for Jewel, the black pearl of the McMaster menage, to clear away the salad plates, "we go to the Mendicants' Masque on the thirteenth."

If Chloe had said, "Shall we go to the Mendicants' Masque?" the answer would probably have been yes. Had she announced, "We're not going to the masque," the tickets would have been as good as sold. But because she said, "We go——" Hank McMaster, a tall young man with brown, wavy hair just beginning to retreat in two deltas from his high forehead (which, however, did *not* indicate that he was growing bald!), raised his straight eyebrows in a certain triangular way which made his square face look like a theorem in geometry, and inquired with a certain inflection, "Oh, are we?" Whereupon Jewel left the door leading to the miniature kitchen slightly ajar, in order not to miss anything. Not that the McMasters ever quarreled. But they were in the habit of discussing. The fact that one of them espoused the cause of order seemed to bring on the other a violent attack of lawlessness. Merely verbal, of course.

For instance, theoretically Hank believed in self-determination for women. He even paid his dues regularly to the Lucy Stone League. But when his wife opened the Chloe Dale Book Shoppe, discarding the name McMaster as too prosaic, he found it necessary to make the most sarcastic remarks—referring to the place scornfully as The Shoppy, and adopting a tone of high handed ridicule toward the whole venture. Friends of the McMasters awaited with trepidation the outcome of this epic quarrel. There was no outcome, because there was no quarrel. Merely a discussion.

Although Hank was six years older than his wife, and more than a head taller, and possessed what she called a McMasterful chin, and although he was considered a pretty keen young man in the advertising game, he nevertheless often emerged from these discussions with other things flying faster than his colors.

Chloe was doubtless a lineal descendant of the original of that slightly overworked remark about choice things coming in small packages. Another of her ancestors probably inspired the line about things not being what they seem.

Her hands were as capable as they were white—as deft as they were tiny and impotent looking. She had short, straight, black hair, which you knew *could* not feel as satiny as it looked (but which did). And her big, smoky, helpless-looking brown eyes were like a Plea for Protection done in charcoal—unless you happened to notice the modeling of her pale face, which was—well, purposeful is a good adjective.

In the matter of the Mendicants' Masque, one word, as usual, led to another thirty-seven,

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until Hank found himself forced to take a stand.

He was not going to doll up like a ham and squirm around Daniel Hall with a lot of anti-Volsteadian morons, more danced against than dancing. No, thanks. When he danced he wanted to dance. And when he wished to drink and make a spectacle of himself he would do so in his own home. And *not* on a Thursday night, which meant a mortgage on the next good working day. And if Chloe had any sense she would settle down like any other sensible married woman and get some sleep nights.

After which there was nothing a self-respecting woman could do but call up as many members as she could reach of the T. N. T. (the Tuesday Night Tiddledewinks and Sewing Circle, so called because it met every Saturday afternoon to play poker) and announce in a firm voice that she was going to the Mendicants' Masque.

All of which, of course, only riveted more firmly Hank's iron-bound stand. He arranged to leave town on the morning of the twelfth to look after a couple of Boston accounts.

The McMasters went uptown to see that dashing comedy in which an actor-husband, hoping to

THE discussion having reached an impasse, the McMasters went uptown to see The Guardsman, that dashing comedy in which an actor-husband, hoping to recapture the wandering interest of an actress-wife, throws all his art into disguising himself as a romantic Russian guardsman in order to woo her; only to be told, when about to overwhelm her with the proof of her lightness, that she knew all the time it was he.

On the way out a couple back of them were earnestly discussing whether the wife in the play had been fooled by her husband's masquerade and had merely kept her wits about her and turned the tables on him at the moment of disclosure, or whether she had really recognized him at once, as she claimed, and merely led him on to see what he would do.

Hank squeezed Chloe's elbow. She smiled up at him, an understanding smile which narrowed her absurd eyes almost to the size of other people's. "Of course, anybody'd know she was taken in."

A pained look crossed Hank's square face. "Not at all," he disagreed, drawing up his coat collar as the theater disgorged them among other hurrying, lingering, dissolving molecules into the cool night air. "If she had been taken in, she would have started or given some sign when he disclosed himself to her."

"Nonsense," replied Chloe. "Wasn't she an actress? She never had the faintest suspicion he was her husband, or she would have said something to her friend about it."

Hank paced ahead, so that Chloe had to lengthen her steps to keep up with him as they headed toward the avenue. "Do you mean to claim that a woman wouldn't recognize her own husband under *any* circumstances?" he inquired scathingly.

"I do not. I'm not discussing the gullibility of women in general, but only whether the author of *this* play intended *that* woman to be fooled. And of course he did."

"I suppose you had a personal letter from the author?"

Chloe slipped her arm into his. "Don't be an idiot.

"But if you'd rather think she knew it all the time," she went on gently, "have it your own way. I won't let you spoil a beautiful evening by starting an argument.

"Of course, dear, I see your point," continued Chloe, bent on peace, "and if that woman hadn't been an awful fool, and the man a good actor, he couldn't have got away with it."

In a tone exactly matching the irritatingly calm superiority of hers he suggested, "Now if *you* had been the woman——"

"I wouldn't have been fooled. Exactly. I'd know you anywhere, Chubby."

"Indeed!" His inflection was not exactly concurrent.

"Of course. Your walk, your build, the way you say 'watter.'"

"Well, I'll tell you this much. If you did recognize me, you couldn't bluff me into thinking you didn't."

"Quite a mind reader, aren't you, darling?"

"No, sweetheart," responded Hank, helping her punctiliously over a crossing, "but I haven't lived with you for five years without learning the way your mind works."

"You flatter me, dear. I didn't know you thought it worked at all."

As usual, the next morning the McMasters made up. It may be obscure why, since they never quarreled, the McMasters so often found it necessary to make up. Possibly they enjoyed it.

Hank was starting his second cup of coffee at the gateleg table in the sunny bay window of the living room (and the number of cups he drank indicated his mental state, rising like mercury with the increasing warmth and geniality of his mood) when Chloe, looking not unlike a Chinese maiden (musical comedy version) with her straight, shiny black hair and the cherry-colored mandarin coat she wore for breakfast, said:

"Here's a letter from mother."

Hank betrayed no violent symptoms of interest, but continued to enjoy his favorite column.

Chloe, not lightly discouraged, went on, "Mother thinks Madeline ought to have a change of scene."

Hank put down his paper. "You mean your mother thinks *she* ought to have a change of scene from Madeline. And I don't blame her. But tell her not to pick this particular bit of landscape. There ought to be enough hot water up the State to keep her happily unhappy a while longer."

Chloe sighed tolerantly. "I wish you

recapture the wandering interest of an actress-wife, throws all his art into disguising himself.

wouldn't be so silly about Madeline, dear."

"Oh. *I'm* silly about Madeline. *She* isn't silly about me!"

"Not any more, darling. Madeline's been in love fifty times since you broke her heart by marrying me. She's just in the thick of one now. That's why mother wants to send her away."

"What's she been up to this time?"

"Oh, fell in love with a married man—his wife found out and there is the devil to pay."

"There ought to be a law against people like your sister who are always getting into jams," he proclaimed.

"But, dear, she doesn't get into them voluntarily."

"Rot. *You* don't go round getting yourself mixed up in amorous entanglements, do you?"

"No."

"And I don't, either, do I?"

"Well," replied Chloe judicially, "I seem to recall a little snarl where you eloped with one sister while presumably engaged to the other."

"I was not engaged to her. You know how your sister can keep after a fellow. Besides, if you're going to harp on that——"

"Not harp, sweet. Just twang lightly to keep you from being holier-than-thou about my sister."

Hank was not to be so easily swerved from a discussion. "Anybody can get in a jam once. But after you've learned your lesson, you ought to be able to keep your lifeline untangled."

"You don't think Destiny ever tangles it up for you?"

"Destiny my bicuspid. If I didn't have better control of my destiny——"

"Oh, my dear, I forget." She dropped her lids over her too-revealing brown eyes. "*You* are the McMaster of your Fate."

II.

THERE was no further mention of the Mendicants' Masque, and Chloe thought it possible that Hank had forgotten his stand. He occasionally did, after the smoke of battle had cleared away. Sometimes he even found it essential to take an equally firm stand on the opposite side.

"You'd better stop off at Mason's and pick a costume before they're all out of everything except Pierrots," she suggested on Monday night, while they were dressing for a party at the studio of Albert Lawlor, the photographer, who managed to be popular in spite of the fact that he had the most positive wife and the most doubtful Scotch in town. "And don't let them talk you into anything *blaaah*."

"You must have forgotten," replied Hank, squinting in the mirror at a particularly unresponsive bow tie, "that I'm going to Boston."

"Oh, darling," cried Chloe, reaching for a pot of lip rouge, "*why* are you acting that way?"

"You mean, by *that way* that I refuse to rig myself up like a clown and stay out all night with a lot of half-stewed men and half-nude women?"

"Honey," she looked thoughtfully at a carmine tipped finger soon to startle the creamy whiteness of her pale face with a pair of red, red lips, "I'm afraid you're getting to be a regular, settled old married man without a drop of romance in your soul."

"A Mendicants' orgy isn't my idea of romance."

"Well, what is, Chubby, dear?"

That was one of Chloe's most annoying tricks, he reflected, working his way into his dinner coat. "You'll see some day," he rejoined ominously, although he had no very clear idea of what she was going to witness.

THE following morning, as Chloe was packing his bag, she sneezed.

"Take care of yourself while I'm away," he cautioned her. "I don't think you ought to go to that fool masque."

"Probably not," Chloe agreed, "but wild horses couldn't keep me at home."

Hank snorted. "Tame ones will be taking you *from* home one of these days."

"You mean," inquired Chloe, looking up pleadingly into his eyes (Chloe rolled her own), "that you won't stake me to a motor funeral?"

"Of course, if you think a cold is a joke."

Chloe shrugged. "Everybody in town has a cold this weather."

"Everybody but me. And I don't intend to get one." Which was doubtless why he went off without kissing her good-by. However, he phoned from the station to plead with her once more to take care of herself, and to tell her his train would probably get in at eleven the following night, and he would go straight home to bed.

But he did not. He arrived from Boston in no humor for bed. He had signed up two new accounts. On the train a convivial man in excellent spirits had sat opposite him and Hank had shared his spirits. Home was where he wanted to go anywhere else but. Somehow, in spite of the mulberry and red chintzes, the apartment did not seem a very gay place without Chloe.

Perhaps if he went to the Shoppe he would find the T. N. T. still there. They often enjoyed the preliminaries to a party so much they never got to the party.

But when he stepped from his cab before the Shoppe he saw at once that he was too late. The Shoppe was quite dark and the only maskers in sight hung beside the door on gaudy posters.

Hank walked down the three steps and tried the door. Not at all to his surprise, he found it open. Whatever was the watchword of the T. N. T. in party mood, it was not an eight letter word meaning the quality of being prudent. An enterprising burglar might have walked off with the entire stock of books. But only a *very* enterprising burglar could have located

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them. For suitcases, shoes, hats, walking sticks, dresses, vanity boxes, neckties, collars, and pants covered every bit of furniture and floor space and flowed over onto the shelves and racks of books. Posters announcing the masque peered out from draped vests and limp, overworked towels.

He poked about among the wearing and worn apparel and as he lifted a monk's robe from a Heppelwhite chair the idea came to him of donning it (the robe, not the chair) and going over to Daniel Hall.

He became quite enthusiastic about his project as he tied the sack about him and, pulling the cowl over his face, saw how completely it disguised him. Whole new avenues of enjoyment opened to his inner vision. Perhaps nobody would recognize him, since they were not expecting him and the robe concealed both his build and his walk.

At the door he bought a ticket and went in. The air had a smoky thickness and a noisy closeness which at once proclaimed the masque a successful affair. That meant that every chair at every table in the room reserved for suppers and sippers was occupied. And between the tables would-be eaters and drinkers were packed so tightly that a human being could scarcely work his way through. Hardly even a waiter.

III.

HANK wished he had ascertained what Chloe was going to wear, as he wormed his way slowly up the stairs to the boxes. He fought his way around the dance floor, peering intently at each slowly revolving couple until he was rewarded by a glimpse of a familiar figure. There, sure enough, from the pointed hat of a very small Goddess of Night floated the black chiffon scarf with silver stars he had once given Chloe for Christmas. Even a black veil and an enveloping costume could not disguise Chloe. She was the smallest of the crowd.

In the hubbub, Hank took Chloe's arm and without a word led her toward the floor. As he folded her to him, the familiar scent of her perfume floated up and gave him that little, thrilled stab that was half pleasure, half pain. It had been especially blended to suit the personality of his wife by that expert, Oshara, whose advertising account he handled. Nobody else could buy it. The name of it was Chloe.

They danced—or what went for dancing on a floor becoming every minute more crowded with more and more drunken people, more people and more drunk. Although he wished inwardly that a thoughtful Providence had provided him with bumpers, Hank was exceedingly content. His brain, he flattered himself, far from being fuddled by liquor, was extraordinarily clear. He wondered at what precise moment she would realize that he was Hank . . . . And what she would say.

He felt her relaxing more and more in his arm—which made him think that perhaps she knew him already. How nice it was to be dancing with Chloe. The perfume of the chiffon scarf mounted to his brain. Nobody had ever gone to his head as Chloe did. How sweet it was simply to hold her in his arms and say nothing. If Chloe didn't talk they could get on perfectly forever. Well, he wasn't going to spoil this by talking. Besides, if she didn't know him, the thing might turn into a tremendous joke.

But at last he could feel that she was dragging a little. "Tired, dear?" he asked in a husky, disguised voice.

"A little," she whispered back.

"You needn't whisper," he teased, as he led her to a seat, "I know who you are."

She laughed. "I'm not trying to fool you. I've got such a cold I can't talk. You have, too, haven't you?"

"Yes," he lied in a hoarse whisper.

"Silly," she whispered, but not in a displeased way, and she leaned a little nearer to him. Now, they had been so tightly wedged together on the bench that a little nearer was very near indeed. Hank began to feel vaguely disturbed. Did she or did she not recognize him, and if she did not. . . . And if she did, why didn't she say something about his trip—or something? He set his teeth firmly behind the cowl. He had to know. He had never stooped to believe the things people said (in jest, of course) about young married women and their tame robins. Nor would he stoop to spy on Chloe. But if . . . Well, he had to know.

"Joking aside," she asked him, when they were once more dancing, "you didn't really change your mind on account of me?"

"I certainly did," he answered, so near to her ear that the chiffon scarf caressed his cheek. "Don't you know I'm crazy about you?"

He expected her to show some slight signs of incredulity, if not disapproval. Instead, she appeared delighted, if you could tell, merely by feeling a woman in your arms, whether or not she was delighted. Whatever it was that she did elicited from him a perfectly normal response; that is to say, he pressed her closer to him. And they continued to dance, in what a deaf man would have considered a tender and compromising embrace.

Hank was conscious of a mixture of feelings. He was elated, and at the same time downcast, by the apparent and unpremeditated success of his ruse. But, pleased or miserable, he was committed to go on with it. He had to know. . . .

A drunken Pierrot, whom Hank recognized as Albert Lawlor, came up to claim her, but he would not let her go. She did not want to go, although Hank was certain she did not know to whom she was clinging. He could have laughed and wept.

He wondered how far he should carry this anonymous wooing before disclosing himself. He felt guilty about it, and yet didn't it serve her right? She had said he wasn't romantic. Just because he didn't put it into maudlin stanzas like Russell Watts or strum it on a uke like Del Jones. Well, this was about as romantic as anything they'd ever conceive—making love to one's own wife disguised as another fellow. Not exactly original, perhaps, but neither were sonnets nor ukuleles. God, none of these birds had half the real romance in their souls that he had. None of them had ever felt about anybody as he did about Chloe. Only he had his romance under his own roof instead of under other men's like the rest of them.

HE slipped his hand beneath the star-trimmed scarf that floated from the pointed hat of the Goddess of Night until it rested on the place at the back of her neck where a soft fringe of hair escaped the crown. She stirred uneasily and made a move to draw away. But he held her masterfully and she snuggled back contentedly against his shoulder.

Later, as the dancers on the floor abandoned more and more the pretense of conventional posture, he released her left hand and placed his high up on her arm, near the shoulder. She let him do that, too. He knew now the answer to the discussion he had with Chloe about The Guardsman. Had he not been the one to insist that it was possible for a man to fool his wife? Of course, he had been right, as usual. But the pain of his vindication outweighed the triumph.

More and more she seemed to be melting in his arms while his intoxication and his misery mounted side by side. At last——

"Let's stop," she pleaded, so out of breath and hoarse that he wanted to pick her up and carry her home.

"Better have a drink," he suggested, guiding her toward the tables.

Before she could answer a flying wedge of free lances separated them and Hank saw that a familiar looking What-Is-It had her by the arm. Just as well. They had been dancing for years. He was tired. Besides, he could not think clearly with her in his arms, and it was necessary for him to think.

A strange Pasha offered him a drink out of a flask, and it revived him. He felt potent and clear headed once more. Exceptionally clear headed. He knew just what he had to do. He had found out what he wanted. The next thing was to teach her a lesson. After that—well, one bridge at a time, as the man said to the dentist.

HE had just recaptured her from the What-Is-It when a man with a megaphone announced from the stage that for five minutes during the next dance the lights would go out, during which time everybody was expected to unmask.

"Good!" cried a drunken voice. Good? Hell, perfect! thought Hank.

As soon as it was dark he brushed the veil from her face and caught her chin in his hand.

"Don't!" she protested, and for a moment it was as though a load had been lifted from his chest. "You'll get my cold——"

Ah! That was all!

"The hell with that!" he cried recklessly and, drawing her to him, kissed her. And she kissed him, too. A kiss such as she had never given him before. The kiss of a hungry woman starved for kisses. God, how he hated her at the moment he flung her from him! And was crazier about her than he had ever been in his life.

When the lights went on again the Goddess of Night found herself alone on the floor. That is to say, her partner was nowhere to be seen. In her bewildered hand she held an oblong of pasteboard, which he had pressed there when he kissed her. On one side was a line he had scrawled, that time he found himself so peculiarly potent, under the influence of the strange Pasha's whisky.

"Darling," it said, "you knew me all the time, didn't you?" and, on the other side, in neat type,

HARRISON MCMASTER.

With the monk's robe over his arm, he walked home. He considered taking a taxi, but he felt the air would be good for his head and the walk would give him time to think of what he would say to her when she came in.

He put the chain on the front door, so she could not slip in with her key without him seeing her. Next, he flung the costume over a chair in the living room, where she could scarcely overlook it. Then he went into the bedroom for his dressing gown.

As he switched on the light, "That you, Chubby?" demanded his wife's voice, and, as he spun sharply about, there was Chloe in her bed, one lavender pajama-ed arm flung over her eyes to protect them from the sudden glare. As the room whirled past Hank grasped the edge of his bed to steady himself.

"How—how long have you been in bed?" he demanded.

She was too sleepy to notice the accusation

"HONEY, I'm afraid you're getting to be a regular, settled old married man without a drop of romance in your soul."

in his voice. "I dunno——" she yawned. "Years. Where've you been?"

He avoided her eye, while his brain tried to leap into fourteen channels at once and only succeeded in turning somersaults—"At the Mendicants'——"

She roused herself and sat up in bed. "Why, Chubby, after you said you wouldn't?"

"I went to find you."

"Oh, honey!"—she was all sweet contrition—"my cold began to settle on my chest, so at the last minute I decided to come home." And she held out her tiny hand and drew him down to the edge of her bed, where he perched, dazed and unhappy. Everything was topsy-turvy in his mind. Only one thing was certain. This was Chloe in bed, here and now. Therefore she was not the girl he had kissed. . . . But instead of being grateful that his wife was not all the terrible things he had proved her, he was incredibly put out and disappointed. Men are a strange lot.

"I'm awfully glad you're back, dear. I missed you dreadfully." She took his hand and pressed it against her smooth cheek.

With whom, then, had he been dancing? Or had he been dancing at all—or only dreamed the whole thing? But no, there was the monk's robe over the chair. . . . It was too much for him. All that was clear was that Chloe was sweet and he had somehow made an ass of himself. He gave up trying to figure it out, for the moment, and dropped to his knees beside the bed.

"Don't come too near, dearest," she protested, gently, putting his head down on her shoulder. "You know how easily you catch cold."

He groaned inwardly, but, of course, she was no chest reader.

"So he really changed his mind and went to the masque just to find me?" she crooned. Sometimes when Chloe treated him as though he were a baby it annoyed him. But now it was incredibly sweet. And reassuring. Almost as though nothing could be wrong. She went on babbling to him softly. And while she talked she kissed the two triangular spaces on his forehead (which did *not* indicate that he was growing bald), and in her close embrace something like peace descended upon him. Until suddenly she remembered something.

"Oh, sweet, did you put the chain on the door?"

BITTER remembrance came flooding back. Yes, he had put the chain on the door. . . .

"Well, honey, would you take it off? Madeline has my key."

". . . . *Madeline . . .?*" *AH!*

"I almost forgot to tell you. She surprised me yesterday morning. Poor kid, she's got a bad laryngitis. But she wouldn't stay home, so I fixed her up in a costume and sent her over with the crowd. I hope she's managed to scrape up a little excitement."

"Oh, she has," he muttered, grimly.

"Chubby, you will be nice to her, won't you, just so she won't feel she isn't welcome? Of course, you needn't fall on her neck, because . . . . well, from some things she said I guess you were right about Madeline. She *is* an awful fool about men."

Hank gave a very audible groan, which was lost, however, in a sneeze.

"Darling!" cried Chloe, alarmed. "I don't see *how* you can have caught this cold when I haven't let you come anywhere *near* me."

Before he could explain how that was possible (granting that he wanted to explain) there was a ring at the doorbell.

"That must be Madeline," announced Chloe. "Do you mind letting her in?"

He did, of course. There was no place he would not rather have let her. But how could he say that? He rose and went dutifully toward the darkened hall.

Chloe heard a sudden crash, followed by an oath. "Chubby," she called, "what happened?"

"Nothing. I knocked down a picture."

"Oh, honey," her voice was a wail, "*not* my new Inness?"

"No," came back Hank's muffled tones from the midst of a fit of sneezing. "It's the botto—I brushed it with my shoulder." And he stopped fumbiing for the light to fumble for his handkerchief.

"The *what?*"

"The botto," he bellowed. "I-ab-the-baster-of-by-fate——"

"I don't know what you're talking about," said Chloe.

"Well, neither did the big stiff that wrote that," he muttered as he put his heel through the shattered glass and continued down the hall to open the door.

THE END

Our Bravest AMERICANS

The True Story of the Immortal 1,812 Men Whose Deeds Have Won the Nation's Supreme Honor

By

PAUL L. KINKEAD

Picture by KENNETH FULLER CAMP

FIRST ARTICLE

HE WAS an ordinary-looking sort of a fellow, with a smile which relieved the hard expression of his face in repose. He was playing billiards in a Broadway hotel, joking with his opponent, who was taking defeat irritably. Pinned to the vest of the slouchy, quietly confident young man was a crumpled blue ribbon with white stars.

A closer look revealed the fact that this man, one of the last in the world you might take for a hero, this ordinary, good-humored youth, working for a modest salary and amusing himself in a quiet game of billiards, was one of the American Immortals—one of the one thousand eight hundred and twelve persons who have won the right to wear the Congressional Medal of Honor.

The crumpled ribbon meant that, at home, there was a five-pointed star, with an oak leaf on each ray, a laurel wreath around it and the head of Minerva, a bar, bearing the bravest word in the language, "Valor," and an eagle. The boy, a private, too modest to wear the medal even on state occasions, wore the crumpled ribbon which revealed to the world the fact he had earned the right to the highest honor an American may receive from his country.

Not long ago a friend, who is a writer, was complaining bitterly that "the movies have taken all the good stories," and that there was a woeful lack of action left for his stories. I told him where he could find one thousand eight hundred and twelve stories of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of devotion to duty, thrills and romance—more than all the movie directors ever dreamed. I sent him to the records of the War Department in Washington, where the annals of our greatest heroes are kept in shorter and simpler form even than those of the poor. He came back dazed by the terse accounts of the deeds of these unsung heroes.

There is much misunderstanding about the Congressional Medal of Honor. It is the highest honor any American may win, the greatest of three medals for valor authorized by the government, and the one most zealously guarded by the army against the inroads of politicians.

Congress created the Medal of Honor during the Civil War, and laid down conditions which appeared to it to make it impossible for anyone to receive the medal who did not deserve it. Some of the most bitter, silent fights in Washington's inner circles have been fought with the army and the War Department arrayed against pull and politics, resisting efforts to bestow the medal upon men whose claims for it had not come through military channels.

The medal may be awarded only for some deed performed outside the line of duty, voluntarily, and without reference to rank. The officer in command must cite the deed, and it must pass through and be certified to the highest in command in the army, who may recommend the award of the medal by the President, who confers the decoration.

Many, of course, have done heroic deeds which have not been noted—but the records of the one thousand eight hundred and twelve cases in which the award since it was created has been made form the finest history of valor in the world.

Each of the ninety men who received the decoration for valor in the World War was the center of an epic drama. More than half of the Congressional Medals awarded during the World War were posthumous, and perhaps not two hundred of the one thousand eight hundred and twelve who have received the medal are alive, although the tale of their deeds will never die.

More than half of the medals awarded were to privates and corporals, and the number of sergeants who earned the decoration shows the valor of the hard boiled. To Americans an outstanding fact is that of the ninety awards of the Medal of Honor in the World War nearly fifty per cent were to drafted men—the boys who became soldiers overnight and proved that they could fight if necessary. There is misapprehension as to the number of Congressional Medals that have been awarded and the reason so many have been given is that one entire regiment was decorated in the Civil War. The great number of medals, however, have been given for deeds of individual heroism, although several small groups have received the award for taking part in the same deed. One band of thirty-two Civil War soldiers was given the medal, but most of them died, some rotting in Andersonville, some killed in swamps, some executed as spies, before the honor was bestowed.

AMERICANS have thrilled at the story of Major Charles Whittlesy and the "Lost Battalion" in the Argonne; of Alvin C. York, the simple, religious mountaineer, who at Chatel Chehery on October 8, 1918, captured four officers and one hundred and twenty-eight men, and of Samuel Woodfill at Cunel—these three being proclaimed the great national heroes of the World War. Yet there were stories as thrilling, deeds as desperate as those which are found only in the cold, formal language of the citation, and which should be told.

It is impossible, of course, to tell all; or even do more than pick almost at random the stories of their heroism. The World War furnishes a chapter in itself; the Civil War (which was the last of the romantic wars) another, and the Spanish-American, the Philippine, the Indian Wars, yet another. The three chapters are in contrast, but they vary only in the nature of the deeds; the spirit of heroic patriotism which inspired them was the same.

Of all heroes I think my favorite is Corporal Harold W. Roberts of Company A of the Three Hundred and Forty-fourth Battalion, Tank

As the War Department Chronicles Bravery

WILLIAM BRADFORD TURNER, First Lieutenant, 105th Infantry, 27th Division. For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity above and beyond the call of duty in action with the enemy near Ronssoy, France, September 27, 1918. He led a small group of men to the attack under terrific artillery and machine-gun fire after they had become separated from the rest of the company in the darkness.

Single-handed, he rushed an enemy machine gun which had opened fire on his group and killed the crew with his pistol. He then pressed forward to another machine-gun post twenty-five yards away and had killed one gunner by the time the remainder of his detachment arrived and put the gun out of action. With the utmost bravery he continued to lead his men over three lines of hostile trenches, cleaning up each one as they advanced, regardless of the fact he had been wounded three times, and killed several of the enemy in hand-to-hand encounters.

After his pistol ammunition was exhausted this gallant officer seized the rifle of a dead soldier, bayoneted several members of a machine-gun crew, and shot the other. Upon reaching the fourth-line trench, which was his objective, Lieutenant Turner captured it with the nine men remaining in his group and resisted a hostile counter attack until he was finally surrounded and killed. Emergency address, Charles P. Turner, Brother, 92 Fourth Street, Garden City, Long Island, New York. Residence at appointment, 92 Fourth Street, Garden City, Long Island, New York.

Single-handed, he rushed an enemy machine gun which had opened fire on his group and killed the crew with his pistol.

Corps. Sometimes it is hard to think of a hero named Harold, but this Harold probably was called Harry. In fact, in Company A he was considered a bit too rough for his name. He was a tank driver, hailing from San Francisco, a skilled man handling a tank, a car, or a truck.

He and a gunner were crushing their way through Montrebeau Woods on October 1, 1918. Rain had been falling heavily. The tanks, sloshing and rearing forward, were under heavy fire. Another tank, struck by a shell, was crippled, and Roberts swung from his course to get his tank between the damaged machine and the enemy. It pitched down into a shell hole ten feet deep, filled with water, and stood on its nose. The water was pouring in, the small exit door partly jammed. "Only one of us can get out. Out you go, buddy," said Roberts, and shoved his gunner through the door as the water poured in, ending his heroic career, leaving his buddy to tell the story of his sacrifice.

Those who like the roaring, swashbuckling style of heroism, the Three Musketeer kind, may find many such in the records. In fact, reading through them it appears that men, under stress of great excitement, rise to superhuman strength and endurance.

THERE is the tale of Michael B. Ellis, some time of East St. Louis, Illinois. Mike was a sergeant in Company C, Twenty-eighth Infantry, First Division, and he didn't like machine guns any more than he used to like umpires who decided against the Browns when he was at home. Near Exermont, on October 5, 1918, those German machine guns got on Mike's nerves and he decided to put a stop to their infernal sputtering. He started early in the morning, alone, in his war against machine guns which had been keeping him awake all night and spoiling the discipline of his company.

Crawling around to the flank of one machine gun, Mike crept closer and the first thing the Germans knew a wild East St. Louisan descended upon them, killed two and, wading in, captured seventeen more and took the gun as a souvenir.

That merely whetted his appetite for machine guns. He was learning how to take them single-handed, and while under a terrific

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fire he crept around behind another machine-gun nest and watched it while it worked. Single-handed, he jumped in among the Germans, threatening them with bombs, commanding them to surrender, and in the face of this terror twenty-seven men and two officers threw up their hands.

Mike took them and four machine guns in as souvenirs, after which he had a bright idea. It was hard work crawling around locating the hidden guns, so he used a little third degree argument with the officers and compelled them to tell him where the other guns were hidden.

With this knowledge he crept out and, before dusk, captured four more machine guns and their crews. That, according to him, constituted a day's work, and besides he had been hit a few times and was tired and needed sleep, so he knocked off for the day.

THERE is the story of "Syd" Gumpertz—Sydney C. Gumpertz of Chicago, New York, and way points, as quiet and good-natured a fellow as you ever saw. Syd was first sergeant in the One Hundred and Thirty-second Infantry, Thirty-third Division, on September 26, 1918, when the command was stopped by machine-gun fire. The machine guns were taking heavy toll, the advance was checked, and disorder was imminent, when Gumpertz took two men and advanced. They were advancing at a run, crouching under a hail of machine-gun bullets, when a shell exploded and blew up his two companions. Gumpertz was hurled forward, turned over, scrambled to his feet, and before the smoke and dust began to settle was nearing the machine guns. Armed with only a revolver, he rushed upon the Germans, captured the gun and nine men, and opened the way for the advance.

That sort of thing was not at all uncommon. The records bristle with stories of supreme moments of heroism. "Back home" in Sugar City, Idaho, Thomas C. Neibaur probably wasn't accounted as being of heroic mold. He went to the front in France with Company M, One Hundred and Sixty-seventh Infantry, Forty-second Division, and went through the ordeal with the others.

He was in the thick of that terrible ascent of the Cote de Chatillon, where there was one of the most sanguinary hand-to-hand struggles of the war. The crest of the hill and the wreckage of the buildings was gained after terrible fighting on October 16, 1918. The One Hundred and Sixty-seventh was badly shot up, and almost before the exhausted soldiers gained breath and while they were being harried by machine-gun fire, Tom Neibaur was sent with a patrol to enfilade machine-gun nests to check the slaughter of exhausted men.

Neibaur appears to have kept his temper and gone along easily until a German shot him through both legs, which enraged him, and he really started fighting. He sat down and proceeded to set up an automatic rifle and shoot up the enemy. The harassed Germans countercharged up the hill. Every man in the patrol was killed or wounded, but, keeping up a steady fire from the automatic rifle, Neibaur repulsed and broke the charge. Four Germans, determined to dislodge him, crept forward. He killed most of them as fast as they came; then, in spite of wounds, he charged the foe, captured eleven and brought them in before he toppled over from his wounds.

The records are filled with cases of such exalted heroism; so many that a book would be required to tell half.

The case of Major Oscar F. Miller of the Three Hundred and Sixty-first Infantry, Ninety-first Division, is typical. For two days he had been leading his men through the Argonne and on September 28, 1918, reached Gesnes. He halted and reorganized his exhausted command and ordered the attack. Machine guns were directly ahead, artillery on both sides. He was shot in the leg, but staggered on. Another shot crippled one arm, but still he kept on, urging his men forward under heavy punishment from machine guns. A shot struck him in the abdomen, and after struggling forward for a short way he dropped; but, propping himself up, kept firing his revolver and urging his men forward until they captured the guns. He died two days later.

Among the fellows who refused to be stopped, Captain L. Wardlaw Miles, Three Hundred and Eighth Infantry, Seventy-seventh Division, deserves high ranking for what he did at Revillon on September 14, 1918. The ground over which the regiment was to advance was a tangle of barbed wire and through this Captain Miles led the advance, fighting with wire snippers. He was wounded five times, and finally a piece of shell knocked him down. He couldn't move farther, so he ordered himself placed on a stretcher and carried at the head of the attack, while he raised himself in the stretcher and kept shooting until the trench was captured.

He was almost tied by the feat of Second Lieutenant J. Hunter Wickersham, Three Hundred and Fifty-third Infantry, Eighty-ninth Division. At Limey, September 12, 1918, in the thick of the St. Mihiel advance, Lieutenant Wickersham was wounded four times by shell fire. He dressed his own wounds and those of an orderly, and led the advance. His right arm was almost torn off, but, firing his revolver with his left hand, he rushed forward until he fell and died of his wounds before aid could come. He came from Denver, where he was well known and popular.

SPEAKING of gameness, there was the case of Lloyd M. Seibert, a sergeant in the Three Hundred and Sixty-fourth Infantry, Ninety-first Division. At Epinonville on September 26, 1918, he was ill and ordered to the rear, but said he was "feeling all right now" and led his men through heavy shell and machine-gun fire. A machine gun blocked the way, and Seibert, with two others, charged the emplacement. The others were wounded, but Seibert, with a shot, killed one and captured two Germans. He was wounded, and, after taking the gun, was ordered to retire. He went back and had his wounds dressed, but later in the evening, "feeling all right" again, he volunteered as stretcher bearer and carried in wounded under fire until he fainted. He is quite a fellow around Salinas, California.

For sheer desperation and gallantry what fictionist could equal the story of Frank Luke Jr., a fighting youngster from Phoenix, Arizona? Luke was a second lieutenant of the First Pursuit Group of the Twenty-seventh Aero Squadron. For seventeen days prior to September 29, 1918, he had been shooting down German planes, engaging in a desperate series of duels over the fighting lines. On that day, of his own volition, he went out to get some German balloons. Almost before he was over the lines eight German planes, which had been watching for the daring aviator, swooped down to get him.

Diving and looping, he gave them a chase, and, suddenly changing tactics, he dodged between them, and, despite their efforts, shot down three balloons in flames. Hostile planes flashed at him, the ground batteries hurled shells upward, and he was wounded and the plane crippled as he dived. He sent the plane down and skimmed just above the German lines at Marvaux, shooting up troops with his machine gun in his flight. Forced to land and surrounded by the enemy, he drew his automatic and continued to fire until he fell dead.

Horatius at the bridge and Crockett at the Alamo received more publicity, but the spirit that flamed in them fired the soul of Luke.

IN the World War so many such daring deeds were done that troops almost ceased to pay attention to them. Members of the Chiles family of Denver, Colorado, have cause to be proud of the way Captain Marcellus H. Chiles met his end. He was with the Three Hundred and Fifty-sixth Infantry, Eighty-ninth Division, at Champy Bas, November 3, 1918. His battalion had been stopped by machine-gun fire, the officers were down, and Captain Chiles had just taken command of the battalion. Ahead was the river, and from the other side nests of machine guns swept the river bank and harassed the troops crouching under slight shelter.

The ranks of the attackers were being decimated when Captain Chiles, seizing the rifle of a fallen soldier, ordered an advance. Leaping into the river waist-deep, he started across, his men rising from their shelters and plunging in after him. Almost shoulder-deep, swimming, plunging forward, the water reddening in spots as the advance continued, Chiles led the way across the river. Half way across the Americans got under the elevation of the machine guns and finished with a rush, crawling up the bank and pouring down among the machine guns. A bullet had hit Chiles. At the moment of triumph another from the rifle of a sniper tore through his abdomen. He collapsed, but stuck to the job, consolidated the position, appointed a lieutenant to take command, and, when the position was secured, settled back to smoke. He was carried across the river later, where he died.

Germans who had the misfortune to encounter American troops on the attack, and French, who did not understand our methods, marveled at the "madness" of Americans during a hand to hand encounter.

Perhaps some of them saw Jake Allex in action on Chipilly Ridge August 9, 1918. Jake came from Chicago, down on Ashland avenue near the stockyards, and went back there after it was all over. He was a corporal in Company H, One Hundred and Thirty-first Infantry, Thirty-third Division. During that terrible assault on the ridge every officer had become a casualty and Allex, a corporal, found himself in command.

Perhaps, after what he had been through, the idea of having no officer over him inspired Allex. He was leading the attack when a German machine gun turned loose directly in front of his company. The advance was halted, but not Allex. Rushing alone over exposed ground, he tore on for thirty yards, and, using his bayonet, killed five men almost before the Germans knew what wild man had descended. The bayonet broke, and Allex, swinging the butt of his rifle, charged the remainder of the crews of the machine guns, capturing fifteen prisoners.

In the second installment of this thrilling narrative of "the bravest of the brave," to appear next week, there will be told some of the deeds of heroism in the Civil War.

Personalities of Paramount

Richard Dix

PEOPLE say that no star springs more surprises than Richard Dix, the face and figure of a fighting knight being inhabited by the soul of a true comedian.

Surely a man who can play the grim prosecuting attorney to the life in one mood and then the honest carpenter in "The Ten Commandments" in another, will never find any characterization impossible.

Few fans will fail to recall him in "Call of the Canyon", "To the Last Man", "The Stranger", and "Manhattan". As a mark of your appreciation he attains the envied rank of Paramount star in "A Man Must Live" and "Too Many Kisses".

He will be the special featured player in the Great Paramount special, "The Vanishing American."

Bebe Daniels

IF a modern song of blue skies, joy and merriment were to turn into a human being its name would probably be Bebe Daniels. Her admirers know that there are dramatic depths beneath the *joie de vivre*, but the sunny Bebe is the girl they love the best.

Way back in "Why Change Your Wife" Bebe made a great hit. Some of her other Paramount Pictures are "The Exciters", "Nice People", "Affairs of Anatol", "Glimpses of the Moon", "Heritage of the Desert" and "Sinners in Heaven".

Who will ever forget the vision of loveliness she was as Princess Henriette in "Monsieur Beaucaire"? As a fitting reward she was starred in "Dangerous Money", "Argentine Love" and "Miss Bluebeard". *Her next features will be "The Manicure Girl" and "The Wild Wild Girl."*

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